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WOMEN'S WEEKLY
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July 17, 1957

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Lovely Dublin model

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will appear in

Our Irish Fashion Parades

See page 3

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SCIENTIFIC CORROBOREE

THE people of all countries, and particularly their leaders, can learn a major lesson from the International Geophysical Year, which has only just begun.

At the last stroke of midnight on June 30, 10,000 scientists began their observations and calculations which, at a cost of £200,000,000, will expand man's knowledge of the nature of the earth itself, its surrounding atmosphere, and of the solar system and beyond.

Those scientists, who represent practically every country, are now working from the Arctic to Antarctica in observatories, laboratories, field stations, and other planned points on land, sea, and in the air.

And the knowledge they win, which will tell science more about weather, communications, earthquakes, cosmic rays, and a hundred other subjects, will be freely pooled on a global scale for the benefit of all.

But the IGY is more than a great scientific corroboree. It's an example of how people of all races, religions, and political beliefs can get together and work together for the common good of one world instead of snarling across frontiers and waving atom bombs at one another.

The recent Louisiana hurricane, which killed hundreds and made 40,000 homeless, is surely sufficient warning that untamed nature is still terrible enough without harnessing the fundamental structure of our existence — the atom — for our own annihilation.

The lesson of the IGY is clear: If scientists from "irreconcilable" political and economic systems can work together and pool their knowledge and discoveries, surely it's possible, even for political leaders, to learn to do the same.

Our cover

● Our cover-girl this week is lovely Irish colleen Maura Boylan, one of the mannequins in our Irish Fashion Parades beginning at David Jones Ltd. in Sydney on August 10. Maura, daughter of a well-known Irish family, is one of the most popular girls in Dublin. Cover picture was taken at her parents' home.

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Predictions of novelist came true

● **Producer Mike Todd sold everything he owned to finance "Around the World in 80 Days," soon coming to Sydney.**

THE £2,000,000 three-hour film is based on a book written by Jules Verne, the father of modern science fiction, more than 80 years ago.

Verne wrote about submarines, aircraft, rocket-ships, and television years before their invention.

Hero of "Around the World in 80 Days" is Phineas Fogg, an elegant and eccentric English gentleman.

"It's inconceivable, impossible," said his card-playing cronies in London's Reform Club with a gasp when he wagered that he could girdle the globe in 80 days. Their disbelief was not surprising, for the year was 1872.

Mr. Fogg, of course, achieves the impossible in spite of manifold trials, tribulations, and dangers. And he does it with the nonchalance of an English gentleman of his period, assisted by the faithful Passepartout, trapeze artist, fireman, chimney-sweep, and now gentleman's gentleman.

For the part of Fogg, Todd chose English actor David Niven.

"I wanted a real thorough gentleman," he explained, "the kind of guy I imagine Verne had in mind; the kind of guy who would slap down a £20,000 bet and go off on a big adventure."

Todd persuaded Noel Coward, Marlene Dietrich, Frank Sinatra, Charles Boyer, Ronald Colman, and dozens of other stars to do bit parts.

He used 69,894 people for the spectacles he wanted—a wild Red Indian raid, a runaway train ride, and the destruction of an ocean steamer.

For good measure, Todd throws in a balloon ride over the French Alps.

When his advisers told him there was no balloon ride in the book Todd made the classic reply: "That was Jules Verne's big mistake."

Special articles in the "Daily Telegraph" on Thursday, July 11, and Friday, July 12, will tell you the story of how the film was made with its 50 stars, 74,685 costumes, and its setting in 13 different countries.

And on Monday, July 15, the "Daily Telegraph" will begin publication in serial form of Verne's book.

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OUR IRISH FASHION PARADES

These four internationally acclaimed models are flying to Australia for our Irish Fashion Parades. They will show the fabulous Sybil Connolly collection of clothes created specially for the tour, to begin at David Jones', Sydney, on August 10.

The girls, Maura Boylan, Greta Grimshaw, Heather Jeffrey, and Australia's famous Nola Rose, will be joined here by two Australian girls, Phoebe Macarthur-Onslow and Margo McKendry.

GRETA GRIMSHAW, a delicately featured blonde, is English and has Irish forebears. Now 26, Greta started modelling when she was 21, is on permanent call for Dior, London, who gave her special leave to visit Australia.

HEATHER JEFFREY, an English-rose type of beauty, has the fragile look that will enhance the Connolly collection of romantic, pretty clothes. Predominant color in the collection is lavender in palest pastel shades, used with great distinction.

MAURA BOYLAN, 23, is Sybil Connolly's only resident model. Maura, who comes from an old Irish family, is one of Dublin's most popular girls. She has auburn hair, blue eyes, and a charming, happy smile. Her beauty is typically Irish.

NOLA ROSE, blond Australian whose success story abroad reads like a film script, looks enchanting in an ensemble of oatmeal Irish linen. Nola's blond elegance suits the Connolly line.

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A woman's place . . .

These days, a woman's place is not only in the home. It is also in business, the professions, and in many other avenues which were once undreamed of as occupations for women.

But whether women take their place in the home or in business they soon learn to appreciate the advantages of having their own cheque account.

A large number of the million cheques drawn by customers of the Bank of New South Wales each week are drawn by women — women who prefer simplicity and safety in the handling of money, and who like the friendly, efficient service of the Bank of New South Wales.

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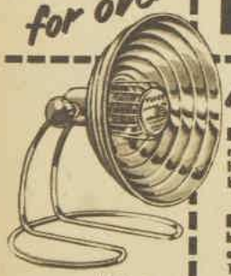

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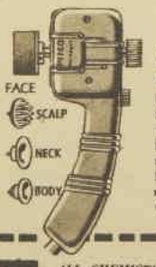

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PERSIAN CRISIS . . .

Will Shah's love for Soraya withstand political pressure?

By CHARLES WIGHTON

● For five years Queen Soraya, the beautiful wife of the Shah of Persia, has consulted doctors in a search for the solution to save the happiness of their love-at-first-sight marriage. She has no children, and political and religious groups in Persia have been restive at this failure to produce an heir to the throne.

RUMORS of divorce have been denied, but in an illiterate country like Persia, where the Royal childlessness is regarded as an ill omen and a curse on the nation, the powerful Moslem priesthood, politicians, and members of the Shah's family have long been urging the Shah to take another wife.

As a Moslem, Shah Mohammed Reza Pahlevi can have four wives, but he loves Soraya and he knows that if he took another wife it would break her heart.

Surrounded at home by whispering intrigue and outright hostility which has already prevented her coronation, Soraya has sought medical advice in many countries in an attempt to save her marriage.

Some specialists have told her she cannot have a child, others that there is no reason why she should not.

Recently a Russian gynaecologist suggested that perhaps the Shah—despite his 16-year-old daughter by his first marriage to Farouk's sister—was to blame.

Observers who have seen them during their current tour of Europe — yachting in the Mediterranean, swimming and sunbaking at Capri — can vouch for the affection they hold for each other, but their incognito arrival in Switzerland early this month seemed to hold the key to their future.

The plan to visit Switzerland was reported several months ago. It was not the first time Soraya had consulted Swiss gynaecologists. There was speculation that this time both the Shah and Soraya would undertake clinical tests.

Early this month they slipped quietly into Switzerland. Then last weekend Soraya told a reporter:

"I've seen enough doctors in three years to last me a lifetime. "I've seen the best in the world—and that's enough for me. Of course I want a child. I have suffered for a long time because we have no children. I've reached the point now where I don't care any more."

The romance between the dark and handsome Shah and the beautiful Soraya began when he fell in love with her picture.

In 1950, in Teheran, the Queen Mother of Persia entertained Soraya's aunt, Madame Esfandiary, to tea, and said she was worried about the Shah remaining unmarried since his divorce and that she wished he could find some "nice Persian girl."

Madame Esfandiary produced from her handbag a picture of her niece, the then rather plump 18-year-old Soraya Esfandiary-Bakhtiary, daughter of a beautiful German woman and a Persian nobleman diplomat, who was at finishing-school in London.

The Queen Mother was charmed by the lovely girl, and next night the Shah saw the picture.

He took one look and asked: "Who is this, Mama? Does she live in Persia?"

The Shah telephoned his eldest sister, Princess Schams, who was visiting London, and said: "Mama has discovered a wonderful girl in London. I want you to go and see her. And get her a complete outfit —from Dior—but don't tell her it comes from me."

Princess Schams and Soraya liked each other on sight when they had tea in the Princess' suite at the Savoy Hotel.

Soraya was hardly out of the hotel when Princess Schams booked a call to the waiting Shah in his palace in Teheran.

"Well, Schams," he said. "What is she like? Is she as beautiful as her picture?"

"She is far more beautiful," said the Princess. "And she is clever, too—something quite apart. She is the most attractive girl I've ever met."

The Shah asked more questions, then said: "So you are going out with her tomorrow. All right, I'll call you tomorrow for a report. But be careful, Schams—go slow and don't on any account alarm her . . . you know what these teenage girls are like."

The call cost £57/13/- — a meaningless drop in the Shah's personal fortune of £250,000,000.

From that moment the Royal plan moved quickly. Princess Schams invited Soraya to go to Paris—to the Hotel Crillon, facing the Place de la Concorde—and each day the Shah phoned from Teheran to hear more about Soraya.

Then one morning at breakfast, when the Shah phoned, Soraya realised she was being discussed. She blushed and ran from the room. A little later Princess Schams sat her down and said: "There's no use pretending any more, Raya" (Soraya's pet name). "My brother saw your photograph and was fascinated. He sent me all the way to Europe to see you, and I think he wants to marry you."

Soraya, weeping, angry, and half-hysterical, fled back to her room. That evening she flew to her mother in Zurich.

Mother's plan

That evening, too, in Teheran, the Shah visited the Queen Mother.

"Soraya has gone home to Zurich," he said. "If I were an ordinary citizen I'd fly there tonight and propose to her. But I can't in my position."

"All right," said his mother. "I'll write and invite the girl and her parents on a private visit to Teheran. You can see her then—and propose."

In October, 1950, M. Esfandiary - Bakhtiary and his daughter were met at Teheran Airport by Dr. Agadin, the Shah's personal physician and an old friend of Soraya's father.

Then two days later the Queen Mother gave a large reception and, as though by accident, Soraya and her father were invited.

Ambassadors, ministers, leaders of Teheran society thronged the great hall of the

TRAVELLING INCOGNITO in Switzerland this month, the Shah and Queen Soraya decided to go to a cinema while strolling through Zurich. The Shah, whose fortune is estimated at £250,000,000, is shown buying the tickets.

PERSIAN CARPET was laid on ground for the Shah and beautiful Soraya on this happy woodland picnic soon after their marriage. Soraya uses the title "Queen," but powerful Moslem cliques prevent her coronation until she bears a child.

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UNHAPPY QUEEN

MARRIAGE PORTRAIT of Mohammed Reza Pahlevi, Shah of Persia, and Soraya Esfandiary-Bakhtiary, who was then 19. Behind them are the Shah's brothers and sisters, including Princess Schams (centre), who initiated marriage plans.

TWO MOTHERS in the Royal House of Persia. Above is the mother of Soraya, and below, with her daughter-in-law, is the Shah's mother.

THIS PHOTOGRAPH of Soraya, taken when she was 18, persuaded the Shah to choose her as his bride-to-be. It was love at first sight.

GENERAL FRANCO, ruler of Spain, and his wife formally entertained the Shah and Queen Soraya in his magnificent private palace at Madrid when they visited Spain this year.

Palace. And all gasped with delight and astonishment when the tall, pale-skinned Soraya, in a gorgeous white full-skirted Dior gown, came in on her father's arm.

When the Shah arrived he and his mother moved among the guests. Princess Schams manoeuvred Soraya towards them. Then with casual design, the Queen Mother seemed to notice Soraya's father.

Turning to the Shah she said: "This is Monsieur and Mademoiselle Esfandiary - Bakhtiary, who have just arrived from Europe."

Her father bowed. Soraya curtsied.

But the Shah's eyes never left hers as he said: "I'm delighted that your father and yourself, Mademoiselle, should have returned to your homeland."

Later Princess Schams took Soraya to the Queen Mother's sitting-room, where the Shah was waiting.

"Here she is, Machmed," she said to her brother. "Now you can see for yourself."

Next morning the Persian Court Circular announced the betrothal.

Two days after the engagement the Shah held a great reception to present his future Queen to Persian society.

Soraya was already dressed for the reception, in a glamorous off-shoulder Dior gown, when the Mistress of the Robes, a formidable Persian dowager, arrived, took one look at Soraya's beautiful bare shoulders and gasped.

"But M'selle," she said, "that gown . . . those shoulders — they are impossible. You cannot possibly appear as His Majesty's betrothed in a Moslem country like that. The entire Moslem priesthood would be shocked."

When Soraya left for the Palace in a pale blue Cadillac her shapely shoulders were swathed in a scarf of voluminous tulle, but she was still a sensation.

A fortnight later, when out riding at the Shah's summer palace at Saada Abaad, she fainted.

The Court physician, Dr. Agadin, diagnosed typhus, though foreign diplomats suspected that she had been poisoned by the fanatical priesthood who were bitterly opposed to the marriage.

She slowly recovered and it was during her convalescence, so her friends say, that Soraya's feelings for the Shah deepened into love.

Royal gifts

Although she was not a good patient, not once did the Shah, who spent hours at her bedside holding her hand, refuse to gratify her whims.

She wanted music — and two hours later a radiogram and hundreds of records arrived. She wanted smoked eel — and the Shah cabled Hamburg, Germany, for it.

She wanted chocolate truffles from a special shop in Zurich—and the Shah phoned the Persian Ambassador in Switzerland and ordered: "Go right away, Ambassador, to Zurich and buy a five-pound box of Sprungli's special chocolate truffles. Put it on the next plane to Teheran."

But Soraya was never to forget that typhus attack, for many of the specialists she has consulted since have blamed that disease for her childlessness.

She was well again early in 1951 and the Shah at once fixed the wedding for February 12.

On the wedding eve the Queen Mother handed over to Soraya the Crown Jewels — a priceless collection of diamonds, rubies, and sapphires in their gold and silver settings. Next day in the great Hall of Mirrors in the Marmore Palace, so nervous that she could hardly make her responses, she became Queen of Persia.

Before the ceremonies were finished an old Persian tradition had to be fulfilled. The Royal couple had to crawl through a ceremonial arch while the Queen Mother sprinkled them with sugar mixed with pearls and gold coins.

Once again Soraya seemed about to faint, and once again Dr. Agadin reminded the Shah: "I warned you, Sir, it would be too much for her."

Two hours later the Shah and Soraya arrived at Goalestan Castle for the marriage banquet, but as they mounted the castle steps she whispered to her husband, "Help me, Machmed, I'm going to faint."

Again she was hurried to a private room where Dr. Agadin made her take an energy pill.

Open hints

Month after month in 1951 Persia waited to hear that Soraya was pregnant, and gradually the first murmurings against her broke into the open.

Prime Minister Mossadeq began to hint openly that the Shah must get rid of "the childless Christian woman," and by the summer of 1953 a showdown between the Shah and his chief minister was imminent.

On the night of Saturday, August 16, as they sat together after dinner, the Shah suddenly told Soraya: "We must go tonight, Raya. Take only what you need for the next couple of days."

Two hours later, with the Shah at the controls of his private plane, they took off for Bagdad.

Next morning the world Press broke the news: "The Shah and Soraya flee from Persia." And 48 hours later the Shah, tense and strained, led a weeping Soraya down the gangway of an airliner at Rome Airport.

Next morning Soraya told him: "Machmed, I've no clothes. We must go shopping." They had only just returned from the shops when reporters gave them the news that Prime Minister Mossadeq had been overthrown.

Although the Shah decided to leave at once for Teheran, he persuaded Soraya to stay behind, have a holiday, and consult European specialists.

Later, in 1955, she and the Shah visited the United States, where doctors, once more, examined her. And later still, on their return to Teheran, preparations were at once made for Soraya's coronation.

Arrangements were complete when the Moslem priesthood intervened. They told the Shah they would never agree to the coronation of a childless woman whom they also suspected was still a Christian at heart.

The coronation was postponed, and since that day the power of Soraya's enemies has been rising.

She is being attacked on all sides. By the priests, who want the Shah to get rid of her, and by the politicians, who, although most favor Soraya, are faced with a serious crisis because of her childlessness.

Both priests and politicians have even demanded that the Shah must safeguard the future of the dynasty by getting an heir—"by whatever means he may choose."

Now the riddle of lovely Soraya's childlessness remains unsolved. On its outcome may rest the future of the Persian throne and the happiness of two people who love each other.

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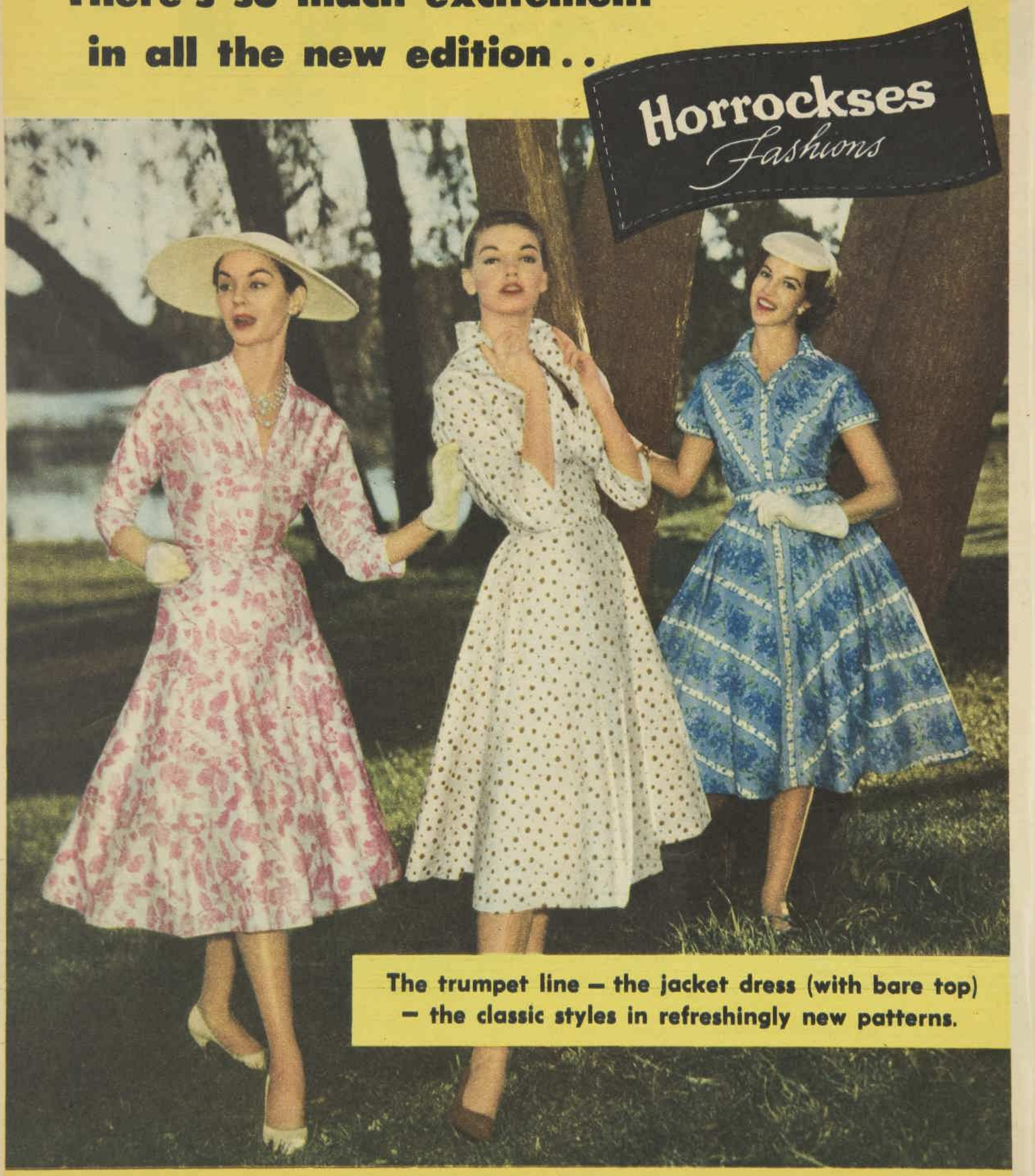
There's so much excitement in all the new edition . .



The trumpet line — the jacket dress (with bare top) — the classic styles in refreshingly new patterns.

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To suit a male

FOR A WEEKEND "out of town" young Sydney businessman John Paull would take this selection of clothes from his extensive wardrobe. He spends £636 a year on clothes and doesn't see how he could economise on this figure.

How much do MEN spend on their clothes?

By CYNTHIA STRACHAN, staff reporter

● If Australian men were to total the average amount they spent on clothes each year, most would reach for the headache pills and adopt a much more benevolent attitude towards the "extravagance" of women.

AT least, that's my impression after having interviewed a cross-section of Australian males, who are frequently criticised for their standard of dressing.

Most men I spoke to found they spent much more than they imagined, felt rather stunned and guilty about it, but insisted they could not dress for less on present-day prices—and would like to spend much more.

Some married men, especially those with children, could not explain how they afforded the clothes they wore.

Typical of the reactions was that of an engineer, who, when he found that his yearly bill exceeded £180, said, "Good heavens! I can't spend that on my small wardrobe. It just isn't possible.

"Please don't use my name. My wife must never hear about this. I'd never live it down after what I've said about how much she spends—and it's not much more than mine."

The survey was inspired by a recent inquiry by Ronald McKie (The Australian Women's Weekly, April 10, '57) on how much should a woman spend on her clothes.

His report brought many protests about women's "excessive" spending.

Among these was a letter from a Macquarie Street doctor, who said his yearly clothes bill to maintain a wardrobe that took him from the beach to Royal Ascot was no more than £115—less than one quarter the amount spent by one young professional woman.

"All I can say is the doctor cannot be very interested in what he looks like," said a bank official after working out that he spent nearly £300 a year on his wardrobe.

The bank official, like most men I questioned, was most unhappy when he saw his clothes in cold cash.

Another who doubted that the doctor could dress adequately was one of Sydney's fashionable young men, who spends more than £600 a year on his appearance, and thinks he is "just modestly dressed" for his business world.

He mentioned business friends who would spend twice that amount, and who would say, "What rot!" if told they dressed extravagantly.

"I don't consider I'm extravagant. I feel I must be well dressed, and I like good things," said the young man, a women's clothing manufacturer, who married recently.

His yearly list, without evening-wear estimate, is:

Four suits, £200.
One overcoat, £40.
Two hats, £10.
Six shirts and six sports shirts, £60.
Twelve pairs socks, £10/10/-.
Six pairs shoes (including sports shoes and slippers), £30.
Twelve ties, £18.
Twelve sets underwear, £12.
Two sports jackets, £40.
Four pairs slacks, £32.
Three scarves and cravats, £6.
Beachwear, etc., £10.
Six pairs pyjamas, £18.
One dressing-gown, £15.
Twelve handkerchiefs, £2.
Two sweaters, £24.
One pair gloves, £4.
Haircuts, £3.
Shaving, £2.
Dry cleaning, £22.
Laundry (from eight to ten shirts a week), £78.

Total: £636/10/-.

"And if you think I'm extravagant, what about a man I know who buys a watch every two years? The last was valued at £500," he said.

At the other end of the scale a young married man earning a little more than the basic wage as a garage hand said he would look "like a tramp" unless he spent at least £50 on clothes each year.

"On my salary that's big money," he said.

He finds his basic needs are:

One suit every three years, £8 a year.
One topcoat every three years, £5 a year.
One sports coat and slacks every three years, £4 a year.
Six pairs socks, £4.
Four sets underwear, £4.
Two pairs shoes, one pair slippers, £10.
One pullover, £3.
Three shirts, £10.
Two pairs overalls, £4.
One hat every three years, £1/10/- a year.
Two pairs pyjamas, £3.
Haircuts, £2/14/-.

Total: £59/4/-.

Then a junior bank clerk defied anyone in a bank to dress on less than £3 a week.

"I really can't afford anything like that on my salary," he said. "But in my job I can't afford to spend less, either. You just can't win."

A departmental head of the same bank worked out that over a five-year period he spent £284 a year.

"What an awful thing to have asked me to work out. You've made my day most unhappy," he said.

He protested that he couldn't spend less and maintain "a front" in his job.

"I don't know how men manage when they also have to clothe, feed, and educate children," he added.

Here is his wardrobe, which includes seven suits, "but only four decent ones":

Eight suits every five years, £54 a year.
One topcoat, two raincoats every five years, £15 a year.
One sports jacket, £15.
Two pairs slacks, £16.
Three nylon poplin shirts, £18.
Six sports shirts, £15/15/-.
One windbreaker every two years, £3/10/- a year.
Two pairs shorts, £4.
Six sets underwear, £18.
Three pairs pyjamas, £6.
Two dressing-gowns every five years, £4 a year.
Three pairs walking and golf shoes, £18.
Three pairs slippers every five years, £4/10/- a year.
One hat, £4/4/-.
Fourteen pairs socks, £10/10/-.
Six ties, £6.
Twelve handkerchiefs, £2/2/-.
Weekly shampoos and hair-trims, £22.
Dry cleaning, £26.
Shaving and toilet needs, £22.

Total: £284/11/-.

A young solicitor said he could manage to keep a varied wardrobe, including a dinner suit and tails, for an average of £90 a year.

Perhaps he's more careful of his clothes—he buys only one suit every two years and a sports coat every five.

"This is adequate," he said.

A well-established professional man said that with the expenses of keeping a house, plus a wife and son he didn't know how he afforded the £60 he spent each year.

"Not that I wouldn't like to spend much more," he said. "I think my only chance would have been to marry a rich woman, but it's too late for that now. And I don't think I look exactly down-and-out on my £60, do you?"

Over the past five years his purchases have included two suits, one coat, two pairs of slacks, 12 shirts, six sports shirts, four pairs of shoes, and six pairs of pyjamas.

Apart from these items and underwear and accessories such as ties, the only money he has spent has been £3 a year for haircuts, £1 for shaving, and £2 for dry cleaning.

"I must admit, of course, that I'm still wearing much older but fine quality suits that I had made in England some years ago," he said.

"Men's styles, happily, aren't fickle like women's. You just can't wear out good material."

Men, you see, have their clothing problems, too.

JOHN PAULL dressed for a working day in one of the minimum 12 suits he always has in his wardrobe.

SHOW NEWS IN PICTORIAL

● A new entertainment magazine will be on sale all over Australia next Friday (July 12).

The magazine will consist of PICTORIAL, Australia's most popular picture paper, to which has been added "Show," a brand-new magazine devoted to entertainment of all kinds, including radio, television, films, dancing, records, and music news.

In the first issue of this new magazine there are details of a radio contest with more than £5000 in prizes.

Biggest of the prizes, which all go to the winner, is Australia's first big car, the Chrysler Royal, which is fitted with automatic transmission, power brakes, and power steering.

Another big prize is a free return trip to Paris for two by Air India, with money to spend in Paris, along the fabulous "magic carpet" route.

PICTORIAL will be on sale at all newsagents and from all newsboys this Friday.

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QUADS' BIRTHDAYS SOON

FIVE SARA CHILDREN pose with their mother. At left is Phillip, then sisters Judith and Alison. Mark sits beside soccer-playing brother Geoffrey.

The Saras

By BETTY SARA

I don't mentally separate ten-year-old Geoffrey from the quads because Geoffrey, Alison, Judith, Mark, and Phillip are five individualists.

THEY'VE always seemed different to Percy and me, though for a while the quads couldn't see that themselves.

At one stage if someone asked, say, Phillip about his brothers and sisters, he'd reply: "I haven't any. We're quads."

Now he'll say, "Geoffrey's my big brother, Mark's my little brother, and my sisters are Judith and Alison."

Next month the quads turn seven. Those seven years have certainly been hectic.

At present Alison is sensible and easy to manage; Phillip is fairly placid — you can coax him along — and Judith is fairly good.

But Mark is allergic to discipline, and when he gets Judith going, they're a pair of demons.

Geoffrey, being the eldest, isn't as wild as the others, who want to do everything he does.

Mark sometimes says he's the "worstest" of the lot. And sometimes I agree.

At the moment he's going through a firelighting stage, setting matches to small bonfires whenever he can.

Mark was the first to try smoking. Someone left a cigarette on an ashtray and he picked it up, inhaling a mouthful of smoke. He fled to the bathroom and hasn't tried it since.

You've got to have discipline. I try firm words first, and if warnings fail, bring out the switch or the strap. That usually settles it.

They all do their share of helping me now. Geoffrey's job is cleaning the shoes. We give him 3/- a week for that.

And I've worked out a steward system for dinner time. On the first night Judith and Phillip clear away, and bring in the pudding.

The second night it's Mark's and Alison's turn, the third night Geoffrey's.

They also go shopping for me. Alison and Geoffrey are the most reliable.

But often with the others, I'll say, "Spend this on groceries and this on ice-creams," and they'll come back licking ice-cream cones and carrying empty shopping baskets.

They all play well together. Phillip and Mark are mad about cowboys and Indians, but they join the girls for games of "school" or "mothers and fathers."

Alison and Judith like trying to knit and sew.

Phillip's main interest is a garden plot. He really has green fingers. He'll just push seeds into the soil, and they'll come up.

They're a noisy gang, with their tree-climbing, games of trains, and bike-riding.

Sometimes when they bring home friends to play in the backyard I can hardly hear myself think.

But Percy and I are used to it, and we believe that good appetites and plenty of noise prove the youngsters are healthy and having fun.

MISCHIEVOUS MARK, fastest runner of the quads, likes exciting games. Amiable Alison (right) has learnt to make dolls' clothes and to knit.

JAUNTY JUDITH is getting her second teeth. Judy answers to the nickname "Tich," and is the smallest in the family. She wears her hair in pigtails tied with ribbons to match her frocks.

PLACID PHILLIP is keen on gardening and grows alyssum, lupins, onions, and nasturtiums. He uses gardening tools and seldom forgets to water and weed his treasures.

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● Next month Australia's famous children, the Sara and Lucke quads, celebrate birthdays — the Saras will be seven and the Luckes two. Here, their equally famous mothers tell how the children are growing up.

The Luckes

By *AGNES LUCKE*

Our four children, Jennifer, Veronica, Kevin, and Eric, have identical easy-going temperaments, but each has a different personality.

ERIC, the most placid, has a jovial nature, and is always last out of bed in the mornings.

Kevin is just the reverse. He wants to be first out of bed and is always happiest pushing chairs or reaching for whatever he can find on table-tops or in cupboards.

Jennifer, who resembles Eric in personality and appearance, is the soul of friendliness and shows signs of becoming a "tomboy."

Veronica, dainty and feminine in all her mannerisms, prefers to dance.

But she is always first to reach her dad in the race for a cuddle when he comes in.

Both Jennifer and Veronica love jewellery.

I rarely wear necklaces or brooches because the girls dive on them, shouting "Pitty-pitty," breaking the string of the necklet or hurting their fingers on the pins.

The children are not great talkers yet, but they understand enough adult conversation for us to be careful about what we say in their presence.

Arthur and I have tried to bring up the children on simple, healthy lines, with plenty of love and a strong understanding of discipline.

We like them to be in high spirits, but deliberate naughtiness is dealt with on the spot — with a good old-fashioned smack.

Their daily routine begins with porridge, a cup of milk each, and scrambled eggs.

After breakfast I bath each one and they spend the morning in their playroom, sleeping, or playing with their toys until lunch at 12.30.

They are usually washed and changed again after lunch, which consists of meat and vegetable concentrates, fresh or stewed fruit, and custard.

They play outdoors in the afternoon and have tea at 5.30.

Playtime after tea with Arthur and myself is their happiest hour. They always seem to be at their very best between tea and bedtime, at 7.

My own day ends about 10 p.m. At night there is usually ironing to be done, following the daily wash.

The children have well-stocked wardrobes, thanks to the kindness of a Brisbane children's-clothes firm which has sent them clothes since they first began to toddle.

The owners of the firm, a former farmer and his wife, said they remembered the expense of dressing small children, and felt they would like to help us bring up the quads.

It has been a wonderful help to us.

● Overleaf: Quads' Quiz

BANANAS intrigue the Lucke quads, seen here with their parents, Agnes and Arthur Lucke, on their pineapple farm. From left: Jennifer, Veronica, Eric, and Kevin.

KEVIN is interested in everything from his appearance to pretending he is a motor-car as he pushes a chair along, or discovering the contents of perfume bottles.

VERONICA, dainty and petite, has light brown hair and a determined will. She prefers men to women.

JENNIFER, friendly, full of vitality, shows signs of becoming a tomboy. She loves flowers and the garden.

ERIC, the most placid of the foursome, is usually the last to get out of bed and enjoys frequent naps during the day.

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safeguards your freshness,
all over, all day
all year round
as no ordinary soap can . . .

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actually keeps perspiration

Odour-Free

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which actually cause perspiration odour

Even in COOL weather, people perspire—but gentle, fragrant Tact makes perspiration odour a thing of the past!

Tact Deodorant Soap contains a great, new anti-odour discovery—miracle ingredient G11, known to science as *hexachlorophene*.

G11 HEXACHLOROPHENE

Perspiration odour is caused by germs! Perspiration has no odour—at first—but the germs which live on *everybody's* skin quickly cause it to decompose, become offensive. Tact, with G11, washes away up to 95% of these odour-causing germs and stands guard against new germs on your skin.

You can wash over and over with ordinary soap and thousands of these germs stay—but, when Tact's miracle ingredient has removed these odour-causing germs, you *can't* offend.

Wonderful for complexions, too!

Tact helps clear up surface blemishes and minor skin infections, is ideal for teen-age skin problems. *G11 is so gentle it's used in baby lotions.*

BUY TACT DEODORANT SOAP IN THE BIG BATH SIZE . . . *and SAVE MONEY!*

REGULAR SIZE 1/- BATH SIZE 1/5

NEVER LET IT BE SAID THAT YOU LACKED TACT

S091

Continued from page 9

Putting a quiz to the quads

The Sara quads can block-print quite proficiently now, though none can yet imitate the flowing script of big brother Geoffrey.

THEIR signatures, with brother Geoffrey's, are reproduced here with the drawings they insisted must accompany them.

Quite an argument developed over the reporter's pen they used. "Can we have more paper to draw on, please?" the quads demanded.

Betty Sara appeared. "Outside, the lot of you!" she said.

Out they went, and perhaps it was just as well, because their father, Percy Sara, on shift work, was trying to sleep.

After their photographs had been taken the quads were put through a quiz. The results are in the chart below.

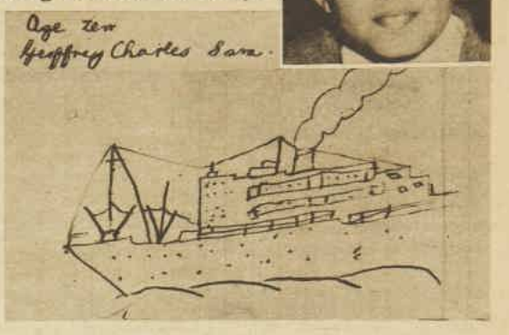
Later, while chatting about the stages children go through, Mrs. Sara said, "A little while ago it was bad language.

"From somewhere they picked up some really choice words. Eventually I had to wash out four mouths with soap. It was very effective."

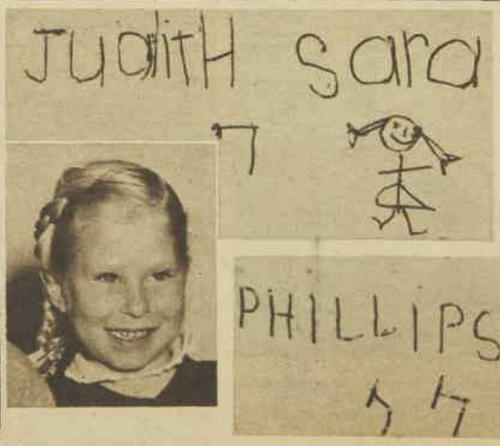
From outside there was uproar as the quads and some of their friends began fighting.

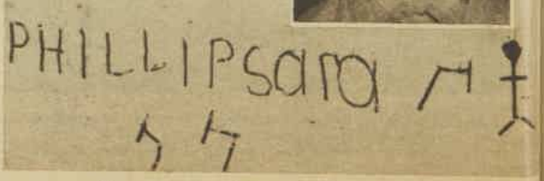
Percy Sara, giving up thought of sleep, came out in pyjamas and dressing-gown for morning tea.

The door opened and the quads trooped in again to say "good morning" to Daddy.



FAVORITE—	JUDITH	ALISON	MARK	PHILLIP
DRINK	Milk, Orange	Red drink	Milkshake	Milkshake
SMELL	Roses	Cooking	Horses	Trains
GAME	Playing with dolls and teddy bear Skipping		Cowboys and Indians Playing with train set	
LESSON	Writing	Sums	Dictation	Writing
COLOR	White	Red	Black	Purple
FLOWER	Poppies	Roses	Roses	White alyssum
SONG	"All Day, All Night" (calypso)			"Diddle diddle dumpling My Son John"
FOOD	Tomatoes, Eggs	Grapes, Peas	Custard	Apples
ANIMAL	Tigers, Puppies	Seals	Lions Koalas	Dogs





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ABOVE: Red Wattle-bird (Anthochaera carunculata), here seen on a waratah, is one of the largest of the honeyeaters. It frequents open forest country from south Queensland to Victoria and south-western Australia. Eats insects, flower-nectar, utters series of harsh call-notes. Pictures by Mr. P. E. Roberts, N.S.W.

These are Australian:

BIRDS AND FLOWERS

BELOW: Male Whip-bird (Psophodes olivaceus) at its nest in a Sydney golden wattle. This bird, ranging from Cairns to the Dandenongs, is famed for its whip-crack call. It is believed that the male sounds introductory note and crack, female the "chew-chew" ending. The call helps to keep them together.

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★"PICTORIAL" now contains the new, up-to-the-minute entertainment magazine "Show"

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TWO great magazines in ONE

Never before a double magazine like this! "PICTORIAL" makes magazine history for your enjoyment . . . from Friday onwards every issue of this exciting picture-news magazine will include "SHOW" . . . an up-to-the-minute guide to Movies, Radio, TV, Stage, Shows, Music, Records, Restaurants . . . everything that's entertaining. Don't miss "PICTORIAL" with "SHOW" this Friday! Order it for home delivery.

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EVERYBODY'S HEADACHE

COMMON FALLACIES

"I've been having so many headaches lately I think I'll have to get new glasses." (WRONG —Headaches due to visual defects are rare.)

"I keep getting those awful sinus headaches." (WRONG — Sinus trouble is seldom guilty.)

"My secretary has a headache every Monday. I'm sure she hates the job—or me." (WRONG—Monday headaches are common among people who will not realise that it takes a while to get back into harness and who try to accomplish as much as at other, more efficient times.)

"Whenever my daughter gets these sick headaches I know she needs a laxative." (WRONG —Constipation never causes headaches.)

"The minute she told me there was fish in that salad I knew I'd get a headache." (DOUBTFUL—Food-allergy is rare cause.)

"She's fine at work, but the minute she's home she gets a headache. Obviously hates her husband." (POOR DEDUCTION—Weekend headaches are frequent among people who cannot relax. With nothing to do, they feel guilty.)

● If you woke up this morning with a headache, barely got through breakfast, took a couple of aspirins, lay down for a while, and are just beginning to feel normal again, take heart — you are not alone.

SO did several hundred thousand other people, perhaps a million—men, women, and children alike.

Almost everybody gets headaches—a woman or man who has never had one is a medical rarity.

Yet, common as it is, the headache is one of the most misunderstood of all human ailments. It is also neglected.

At Montefiore Hospital, in New York, where a modern, well-staffed unit specialising in headaches was set up 10 years ago, nearly 10,000 patients have been studied and treated.

In most cases pain has been relieved. In others the patient has been helped for the long term, in the sense that afterwards he had fewer, and less intense, headaches, sometimes none at all.

Tension

The moral seems to be that nobody today should continue to suffer the pain of untreated headaches.

The commonest type of headache comes from the muscles of the neck and of the scalp. The pain starts because the muscles become tense and cramped.

The tension pinches the blood vessels in and around the muscles, reducing the blood supply, and causing even greater distress.

The pain seems to spread all over the skull. Often the headache is so severe that the patient tenses more, creating a vicious circle in which the muscle tightness leads to pain, which leads to more tightness, which causes even greater pain.

A most appropriate name—"tension headache"—has been coined for this type of pain by the director of the Montefiore headache unit, Dr. Arnold P. Friedman.

Too much physical effort, prolonged beyond the normal point of fatigue, can cause it. So can overwork, especially if the work is a matter of keeping up with the Jones'.

The best relief for the tension headache, it has been found at Montefiore, is some form of aspirin in combination with a mild sedative.

The drug most commonly used there is fiorinal (available only on prescription), and relief has been promptly afforded in about two cases out of three.

The patient who suffers from tension headaches usually has a lot of them, sometimes several a week, sometimes one every day.

He will never be free of them until he finds and relieves the cause of his emotional tension—and this is the goal of all successful long-term treatment.

Before discussing the psychological approach used by experts, consider the other common type of headache, that widespread, but baffling ailment called "migraine."

All that the term migraine really means is "one-sided," and the migraine headache starts by affecting just one side of the head.

With right-handed people it usually starts on the right side, with left-handed people on the left side.

See doctor

It often spreads and can be felt all over the head, but there is usually an initial period when it hurts on one side only.

Migraine attacks often begin in childhood, and parents would be wise to take the matter up then with a competent doctor.

It is cruel to subject a child who has migraine to endless attempts to get rid of his headaches with tonsil operations and tooth-pulling.

Fortunately the attacks often end in middle-age, with women at the time of menopause, and with men in their 50s.

Some victims can tell when a bad migraine headache is coming on. They are restless, anxious, tense, or cranky.

Sometimes their feet are swollen or their fingers pudgy. Rings won't go on and off as easily as they should.

Women sometimes feel that their brassieres or girdles are too tight. Some patients notice that their skin, as they put it, "feels thick."

The swelling and thick skin are caused by an accumulation of water in the body tissues. Often the patient gains considerable weight.

By ERNEST HAVEMANN

This is what happens in a migraine attack: Something, as yet unknown, contracts the arteries of the skull, reducing the flow of blood and causing the dizziness and visual defects which often precede the headache.

Then, just as suddenly and unaccountably, the arteries go to the opposite extreme, and get large and flabby.

Now the blood coursing through them causes pulsations so large as to be painful—especially because some, as yet unidentified, substance seeps through the blood vessels and makes the whole area around them unusually sensitive to pain.

This is the throbbing stage of the headache, where every pulse beat is agonisingly apparent.

Later the blood vessels, swollen by this rough treatment, become thick and tense.

At this point the pain settles down to a steady ache, and eventually the blood vessels return to normal.

If the headache has been bad, the patient is usually so miserable that by this time the muscles of his scalp and neck have tightened, and the pain lingers as a tension headache.

The waterlogging effect of migraine still puzzles doctors. All sorts of experiments have been tried.

Though the gain in weight often accompanies migraine it does not seem to be a matter of cause and effect.

At any rate, doctors know exactly what to do for a migraine attack — administer promptly some form of the drug ergot.

This drug is a powerful vasoconstrictor. In other words, it brings the swollen, enlarged, and painful blood vessels back to normal.

At Montefiore the drug is usually given in the form of Cafergot, in which it is combined with caffeine.

Of migraine patients treated at Montefiore, four out of five have been relieved by Cafergot.

But what sets off the migraine attack?

The answer has a familiar ring. The migraine headache, like the tension headache, is caused by that old villain emotional strain.

The crux of the entire headache problem is simply this: Practically all headaches have an emotional basis.

This does not mean that the pain is imaginary—it is all too real.

Nor does it necessarily mean that headache sufferers are any more emotional, nervous, or "unstable" than others.

It does mean that some people naturally react to emotional stress by getting a headache, just as others get a stomach ulcer, backache, or asthma, while still others lose their tempers, weep, or go out and get drunk.

Some headaches can be the accompaniment to diseases, and some can be caused by growths, abscesses, or ruptured blood vessels in the head — which is good reason for having a doctor look into any frequent head pain.

The long-term treatment is strictly a matter of psychology.

Doctors try first to explain the mechanism of headaches. This is reassuring and helpful to many patients.

About the worst thing a headache can indicate is a tumor; fortunately, this is exceedingly rare, and the growth can frequently be removed much more easily than the layman might think.

Nature warns

Most headaches are, in many ways, Nature's way of warning us to slow down, to take things easier.

The person who suffers from tension headaches is far more fortunate, for example, than the person whose body responds to the same situation with a stomach ulcer.

Once the physical facts of headache have been made clear, doctors try to help the patient find out what events, or what attitudes he brings to those events, set off his headaches.

Children have most of their headaches on the first day of school or during arithmetic hour.

Housewives tend to have them after a heavy washday or when they are preparing for an important dinner party.

Men get them in the midst of a tense business deal or after an argument with the boss.

Most people who suffer from migraine tend to be perfectionists in their daily lives.

Doctors speak of a "migraine personality," which seems to go with the ailment.

The women patients are usually fussy housewives who insist everything be "just so."

Men patients usually cannot bear to leave a single unfinished item of business on their desks at night and are terribly upset by a one-penny error in their cheque-books.

Stay calm

Whether the problem is migraine or tension headaches, the road to fewer attacks is the same for all patients.

Often it helps just to recognise the connection between the headache and a source of resentment, such as a disliked relative or employer.

Doctors also urge relaxing activities like swimming, warm baths, golf, or music.

The idea is to stay as unruffled as life permits.

When it comes to deciding which headaches can be ignored and which should be referred to a doctor, experts say this: For the occasional headache, which practically everyone suffers from time to time, aspirin or one of the other common pain-killers will do as well as anything.

If headaches keep coming back, say as often as two or three times a month, or if they get a little more painful each time, then they deserve a visit to a doctor.

He will first look into the possibility of tumor, abscess, and the other dangerous things that can cause headaches.

The chances are that none of these will be present; probably the headaches will turn out to be tension or migraine, set off by emotional strain.

In all likelihood he can also help find the emotional "trigger" for the headaches, and cut down future attacks.

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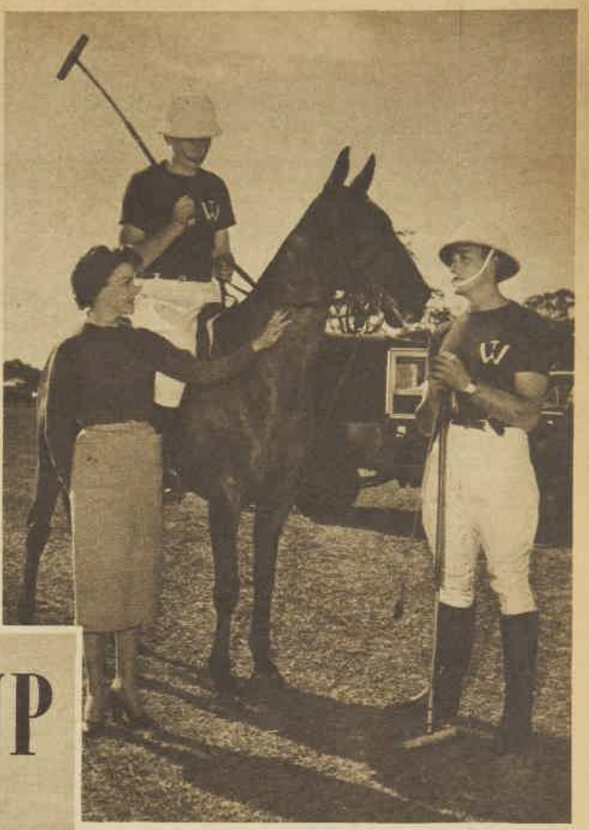
PICNIC LUNCH. Mrs. Tom Payne, of "Isis Mede," Scone, pours coffee for Mrs. John Haydon, of "Isis Hills," Murrurundi, while Mrs. Wallace White, of "Martindale," Gundy, cuts sandwiches for (from left) Darvall Kater, Alec Henderson, of "Middlebrook," Scone, Tom Payne, Wallace White, and Stephen Payne, of "Waverley," Gundy.



WILLOW TREE PLAYERS Johnny and Brien Cobcroft (right), of "Parraweena," Willow Tree, with their mother, Mrs. Ted Body, of "Bundemar," Trangie, before Willow Tree met Cudal in the final match for the Dudley Cup.

DUDLEY CUP POLO

INTENT ON PLAY are Caroline Hill, of "Terlings," Moree, who sat on the roof of a car to get a better view, and Mrs. Sinclair Hill, of "Berricks," Willow Tree. Sinclair plays for Willow Tree—all his ponies wear red cotton martingales.

WITH twelve teams from all over New South Wales competing in the twenty-eighth tournament for the Countess of Dudley Cup, held this year at Warwick Farm, it was the biggest line-up of players since the 'twenties.

This was the second time the Dudley Cup had been played at Warwick Farm, and both players and spectators agreed that it was a good choice. The earlier matches were played on the ground just over the road from the racecourse, and the semi-finals and finals were fought out on the main ground.

The finals were between Cudal and Willow Tree—the other ten teams competing were Goulburn, Toompang, Molonglo, Forbes, Gunnedah, County, and two teams each from Scone and Wellington.

• • •

MORNING matches commenced at 9.45 o'clock, and the players waited round anxiously watching for the horse-floats to arrive with the ponies. By ten o'clock the game was well under way, and the players' wives waited for the three minutes' interval between chukkas, when their husbands raced up on fresh horses, grabbed a quarter of orange, and perhaps another polo stick, and galloped off again.

• • •

THE Governor-General, Sir William Slim, and the Governor of South Australia, Sir Robert George, and Lady George, and the Governor of New South Wales, Sir John Northcott, all motored up to watch the semi-finals. In the evening the Polo Association gave a super cocktail party in the members' stand at the racecourse.

• • •

"THIS is just like old times," said Polo Association president Frank Bragg when the Forbes team — four Brays—took the field. Dougal Bray, of "Ranelagh," Eugowra, captained his three nephews, Michael, John, and Noel, who played in the Dudley Cup for the first time. And Doug's son, Richard Bray, who has a broken leg, sat on the sidelines yelling advice to his cousins.

• • •

VOTED the prettiest "polo" wife was fair-haired Brooke Maurice, of "Gillinghall," Wellington, whose husband, Tony, captains the Wellington B team. Both Brooke and Tony are sporting wonderful suntans collected on their round-the-world honeymoon—they arrived home just one week before the polo tourney.

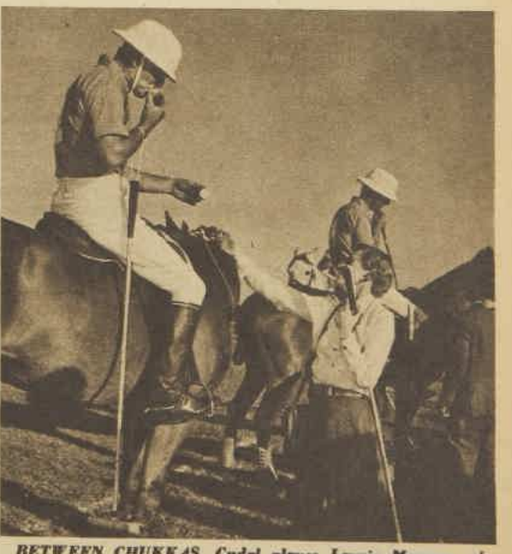
• • •

I NOTED Mrs. Jim Maple-Brown looking cosy and warm in a hibiscus-red wool coat with pearl-buttoned cuffs.

Anne

WATCHING THE FINALS are (from left) Mrs. Lester Smith, Mrs. Jock Weston, of "Whitwell," Wellington, Mrs. David Loneragan, of "Woodlands," Mudgee (her husband plays for Cudal), and Mr. T. T. Maurice, of Wellington.

MOLONGLO SUPPORTERS (from left) Mr. and Mrs. John Prince and Mrs. Geoff Ashton, of "Markdale," Binda. Mrs. Ashton's son Geoff played for Molonglo with the Osborne brothers, Pat and Mike, and Jim Darmody.



BETWEEN CHUKKAS, Cudal player Laurie Morgan, of "Brotherony," Condobolin, is given an orange by his wife. Laurie rode his bay horse Gold Ross, who had blue bows plaited into his mane — blue to match the Cudal colors.

POLO ENTHUSIASTS (from left) Lester Smith, of "Glenwood," Wellington, Mr. and Mrs. Geoff Kiss, of "Currawarra," Wellington, Mrs. Bill Bishop, of "Wooton," Scone, and Bill Bishop. After the morning matches everyone unpacked picnic lunches and gathered round the boots of their cars to enjoy an informal meal.

N.S.W.

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He swept her far beyond the reach of her everyday world.

PRECIOUS FLAME

FICTION SECTION

A romance with an Australian setting **by ENID BOULTER**

SUDDENLY, quite close, the young dog began to howl, lonely as a lost child. Ailsa woke abruptly and opened her eyes, and the night was full of magic. Moonshafts so bright they sharpened every shadow. Possums rustling in the gum trees outside the sleep-out louvers. Owls hollowly saluting spring.

She turned over, shutting her eyes again, not wanting to witness any of it. Willing herself to think of sea-waves washing silvery in to a golden shore. But she had lost sleep's lulling rhythm already, thoughts crowded back into her mind, and all her evening's mood of stifled resentment.

And the lost dog howled, now near, now distantly, running in circles out there in the bush, chasing a fading scent. He would keep it up until morning.

Ailsa Berne had forgotten about the kangaroo-hunters who had driven up the back road at sunset, to scour the rough foothill country behind her father's farm. Now they had moved on, she supposed, since she could hear no shooting. The younger beasts had no sense of direction, they ran off on the scent with blind enthusiasm and were soon lost.

Hours later, exhausted, they returned to pick up their owners' tracks, and were baffled at the point where the cars had been. Hungry, bewildered, they circled the bush until someone came to fetch them, sometimes days later.

"All right, all right, I'm coming!" Ailsa muttered, as if the dog could hear her and be comforted. She pulled on jeans, a warm shirt, old shoes. Just in case she needed it she took an old leash. In the mirror, in the moonlight her own face watched her, elfin, elusive. Pale as a flower, black hair lost in the shadows, blue eyes mere dark hollows, warm lips a blur.

She set off through the yard and out into the bush, led by that lonely note along the track and up the hill towards the old quarry.

It wasn't by any means the first time she had gone out on such an errand. The dog would follow her, happy to be with humans, and shut in the barn with a bone would sleep in the hay till morning, contented.

The bush had mystery at night, a live, exciting beauty. Above the narrow track arched the purple lustre of the moonlit sky, sweetness in the sighing air. Yet the girl's heart ached, the beauty mocked her, she had no joy in it tonight. Everything settled, she thought; my life mapped out for me, tied to a peg in the ground like a tethered calf!

She had lived next door to the Colliers all her life, had played with David from infancy. He was like one of her own brothers. Quiet, dependable, never any different.

She could hear Mrs. Collier's comfortable voice still echoing in her mind. "We're so glad you two are going to be married," she had said earlier that evening. "It's just what we always hoped for, isn't it, Dad?"

"My word," Mr. Collier agreed. "It's so nice to know everything's going on just the same," Mrs. Collier had beamed. "Now that you're the only one left at home and your folk not getting any younger, they'll be glad to have David to help them. We've got two more boys coming on, but your Dad will be glad of a son on his place again. You'll have your own little cottage, and you can settle down sweet as pie."

Ailsa had looked at them and felt trapped. She was nineteen, and this was the first time she had really thought about settling down for the rest of her life. Her brothers had all been free to go out into the world and make their own futures. Somehow this engagement had crept up on her before she had properly realised its implications.

Looking at Mr. Collier, she could see just what David would be like when they, too, had been married for years and years. And I shall be a dowdy little mother hen like Mrs. Collier, she thought. No adventure, never any exciting new discoveries. She thought of the hardships, the monotony, of her own mother's life.

It's all very well to say that I'll be making at least five people happy, she thought, but what about me? Outside all this there's romance, travel, everything that's wonderful.

Now Ailsa came out into the open space where the bulldozers had been mowing down trees and heaping them for burning before new land went under the plough. She could see the dog standing a hundred yards away in full moonlight, scenting her approach.

"Here, boy!" she called. "Here, boy!" The dog's tail swung. He came warily down, suspecting that she was not what she appeared. A man's dog, obviously.

But Ailsa put her hand down for him to sniff and he liked it, his tail swung faster. A big, loose-limbed dog, in the moonlight pale as a fawn, with darker patches. Soft, pendant ears, dark liquid eyes, cold eager nose. She stroked him a little, then turned, whistling him to follow.

He went with her for a few paces, then stood. Ailsa tried again. But suddenly he swung away and loped back to his vantage-point. Sniffing the air, ignoring her. And Ailsa heard someone coming up from the far side of the ridge through the darkness of the standing trees.

It must be well after midnight, she thought. Her heart began to race. This magic night, the still, grave sweetness of the bush, became a place where miracles could happen. Such as she imagined for herself in those secret minutes before sleep.

She watched the man come into sight, and the dog go to him in two bounds, paws lifted to his chest. She heard the man laugh as he pushed it down.

"Hullo!" he said to Ailsa. The word held pleasure as well as surprise. "So he called you, too?" He came nearer, tall, dark in the moonlight. "This must be a conspiracy!" He reached out for the girl's hands. "Where have you been? You don't know how I've missed you! Why did you run away?"

The world, that had turned topsy-turvy at the sound of his voice, slowly righted itself. Vern Gresh was the handsomest and most-talked-about man in Barbelow. He had a farm just over the ridge, and fattened polled cattle for market. He had plenty of money, and his farm was quite a show-place.

He was the kind of man Ailsa dreamed of in her secret hours. A man to charm a bird out of a tree. Full of reckless vitality, his life one long adventure. He never said the same thing twice, but a word of his could open doors in your mind, a touch set your body tingling.

He lived with an elderly housekeeper. And once when Mrs. Glover was laid up after a fall, Ailsa had gone across to help in the house. Even the place he lived in was different, exciting. He had filled it with color, with the paintings and modern sculpture he did in his spare time.

"Nature played a trick on me," he had once told Ailsa. "She gave me an artist's temperament, but designed me to earn my living by the soil."

"But you're a good farmer!" Ailsa had protested, not understanding; and in her world there could be no greater compliment. Vern Gresh had laughed, his eyes mocking.

"Oh, I'm much more than that!" he had assured her. And suddenly face and voice had seemed to her strangely sad. "I can succeed at anything I turn my hand to. It's a gift, young Ailsa, the bad fairies gave me at birth. I've got a secret charm," he had told her, amused at her mystification, "and whenever I evoke it I get my wish. It's a pity," he had added, "that I wish for all the wrong things."

Ailsa was seventeen at the time. She had never fallen in love before. But it was beautiful to be secretly in love with Mr. Gresh, not a soul knowing but herself. He was much older, of course. He seemed to know everything, to have everything he could possibly wish for; yet he had told her he was often lonely.

She hardly spoke of him at home, lest anyone should guess how she adored him. Not realising how love made her eyes shine, her whole nature soften and glow. Or how often she flushed at a chance word, or stood gazing raptly into space when she should have been making beds or setting the table.

One day he had kissed her. Coming unexpectedly into the lounge when she was dusting the bits of wood-carving and the modellings with a kind of religious devotion just because he had made them, though she could seldom make out what they were meant to be. Coming softly up behind her, he had put his arms round her, kissing the warm nape of her neck; and then, as she turned her startled head, kissing her mouth.

She had been swept by a wonderful elation, amazed, and inwardly rather disturbed. And that night at home, at tea she had suddenly lost her temper, and then, without warning, had burst into uncontrollable tears. That was when her mother had asked questions, and out had come the whole story. She had never gone back to help Mrs. Glover, her parents wouldn't let her.

She had seen Vern Gresh in Barbelow quite often since, of course, but he was always laughing and joking with someone else, and had never seemed to notice her. And soon afterwards she had started going to dances and things with David Collier, until everyone, including herself, had come to accept the fact that she would marry him some day.

It was only lately, when everybody seemed to expect that they would be married in a month or so when David was twenty-one, that Ailsa had begun to feel cheated. Where was the magic excitement, the pulsating joy, that should be the precious flame of romance?

She was older now, and knew more. Depths in herself reached out to fires that had once scared and disturbed her. Besides, there were all those other wonderful things that were part of the life of a man like Vern Gresh. Things she would never find in Barbelow, married to David Collier.

Vern Gresh let her hands fall and they both laughed a little. Soft, secret laughter, on a caught breath. Vern was looking at her, making her flush. She felt terribly alive and aware of herself and of him.

"Is it the moonlight," he said, "or have you really grown into a

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beautiful woman, Ailsa?" He sounded surprised yet eager. And there were undertones of meaning in his voice that thrilled her. "Say something!" he pleaded. "Or I'll never believe you're real. I've thought of you so often, Ailsa. And you've thought of me, haven't you?"

"Yes," she admitted. "Oh, yes." Often, in her thoughts before sleep. But now he was beside her he was somehow much more potent than he could ever be in dreams. He took her breath away, swept her up on invisible clouds high beyond the reach of her everyday world.

"You know, you make me think of the loveliest things," he told her, taking her hands again. "Roses in the moonlight, white roses — and young white gums shining by cool water."

He drew her nearer. "What a fool I've been, Ailsa; I should never have let you go! I want you, we belong together!" Firmly, sure of her as of himself, he held her close, smoothing her hair with his hand. He lifted her head, looked down into her eyes. "You love me, Ailsa! You're mine!" And he kissed her, wonderfully, masterfully. While the dog, squatting at their feet, watched them with soft, sad eyes.

"I don't know," she confessed. "You see, there's David—"

"David!" He laughed crisply. "It's a man you're in love with, Ailsa, not a chicken." He kissed her again, so convincingly that she drew away, suddenly shy.

"We'll strike some opposition, of course," he added, amused; "but what do we care? Tell you what, darling, we'll talk it over tomorrow. It must be getting on for 2 a.m. now, and I have to be up at five in the morning to go to a stock sale in Rushton. But if you'll come over to my place in the evening, about six, I'll be at the gate to meet you."

He pulled her close again,

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Ailsa found the dog and was trying to get it to follow her, when the man appeared in the distance.

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It had become a ritual—each day for him was colored by the thought that in the evening the child Elizabeth would be there waiting for him, eager to join him for . . .

THE WALK HOME

A short story complete on this page by BARBARA GRANTMYRE

THE six twenty-seven, lighter by seventeen commuters, puffed and plumed from the station. Clive Mason, in the vanguard of the passengers, reached the sidewalk as the line of cars began to disintegrate and nose from the parking space, and, to his annoyance, the Wares' car came alongside. Sid called, "Care for a lift?"

"No, thanks. I need to stretch my legs a bit." Clive's easy smile masked his flash of irritation. He wished they wouldn't keep offering rides. He had to walk home these days . . . with Elizabeth.

Clive looked at her dancing beside him on the pavement, her footfall lost in his own heavier tread. Tonight her red-gold hair was bound in two thick braids that, halfway, changed their minds and became shining ringlets. Elizabeth, his daughter . . . his darling.

"What did you do today, Elizabeth?" Always the walk home began with that question, always she cocked her head, considering.

"I went shopping with Mother this morning. And Mr. Simmons, the fishman, said, 'Your little girl's the spitting image of you, Mrs. Mason.'

"Mother told him, 'She may resemble me, Mr. Simmons, but inside she's exactly like her father.'

"After lunch," Elizabeth continued, "Mother took me to the beach. My swimming's improved. I can do two strokes," she added honestly, "after that it's mostly splash and sputter.

"I found a perfect hopscotch stone at the beach, Daddy." Elizabeth knew how to get the right shade of wistfulness into her light, childish treble as she dug into the scrap of pocket and produced the treasure. "Can we have one teensy-weensy game?"

"I'm afraid not. It isn't dignified for vice-presidents to play hopscotch on the pavement. Besides, we have to hurry home to dinner."

Elizabeth wasn't listening. Hopscotch forgotten, she had spied something at the edge of the Blackmores' lawn.

"Look, Daddy! A four-leaf clover. Pick it, so the luck will be yours."

Self-consciously Clive stopped and plucked the fragile stem. "Put it in your buttonhole," she commanded, "so it won't get lost."

The wide, tree-bordered street was almost empty as they walked along. From the trim, tidy houses came laughter, fragments of conversation, the tinkle of glass and china. This was the homecoming hour, the good hour, gilded tonight by a westering sun. But Elizabeth was thinking of the lake again.

"The water's getting cold for swimming now, Daddy. Soon it'll be autumn."

"Very soon."

"Will you take me on your hunting trip then?"

"Not this year. When you're bigger."

Elizabeth giggled. "What fun! But, Daddy, are you sure you will let me go on those trips with you—even when I am bigger? The other girls at school say their fathers won't take them—they only like their sons to go with them."

The gods are tempted when parents make promises to a child, and Clive was defying the pang in his heart as he replied.

"Perhaps that's true, dear," he said. "But, no, I can't see any reason why daughters can't go on hunting trips. Leastways, I certainly can't see any reason for not taking you, Elizabeth. Some day you'll come with me and learn to hunt, and fish, and paddle a canoe."

With a furtive finger he touched the clover, for luck.

They had turned the corner and there, three doors down, was their house throwing a long shadow across the green velvet lawn—a Dutch Colonial house around which ran a picket fence.

"I wish some day was now." Elizabeth's voice was so low Clive scarcely heard it.

She left him, as she always did, when they entered the gate. As Clive turned to fasten the latch she was gone, lured by the flash of a wing, or a bird's call, off on some fairy business of her own, and he walked alone up the path.

"Good evening, Mr. Mason," said a large, efficient-looking woman as he entered the door.

"Good evening, Mrs. Wagner." An estimable woman, Mrs. Wagner, and a jewel in her profession.

Perhaps she was, but she made Clive feel like an interloper and a nuisance. "How is . . . er . . . everything?"

"Under the circumstances," and Mrs. Wagner pursed her lips, "we are quite satisfactory."

Her eyes flicked over him with a sort of curbed dislike. In her opinion husbands are a sorry lot, thought Clive. He started up the stairs.

"Dinner will be ready in ten minutes, I believe," she told him coldly.

"Call me, please." Clive threw the words over his shoulder as he took the steps two at a time. In the big sunny room at the head of the staircase Virginia lay on the cherrywood bed.

Clive pressed his face against her hair.

"Gosh, it's good to be home, darling. How have you been? I can never tell from old sourpuss."

"Ssssssssh! She may hear you. Me? I'm a model patient. Doctor was so pleased with me when he called this afternoon."

She caught sight of the clover leaf in his lapel. "A lucky clover! Surely, surely that means we'll be lucky this time."

"Please God, yes."

"After all, I'm much wiser now." Her lower lip dropped petulantly. "If I'd only been a strapping washwoman, a jolting car or a turned ankle wouldn't have mattered. Why, oh why, couldn't I be the buxom peasant type, Clive, having babies every harvest?"

"I'm glad you're just you, Virginia."

"Two frail little mites who never breathed . . . surely this third child will come to stay." Then, brightly, as if ashamed of showing too much feeling, "But tell me about your day. Did you walk from the station, Clive?"

"Yes. Sid Ware wanted me to drive with them, but I . . . wanted to walk."

Clive studied the pastel flowers on Virginia's bedjacket. I wish I could tell her about Elizabeth, he thought, and how important is the walk home in these weeks of waiting.

It was something one couldn't talk about, for women were the ones to have fancies, not the men, when a child was expected.

How could he explain that in this communion with the dream-child Elizabeth he felt he was reaching the spirit of one not yet born, binding it to earth with threads of welcome and love?

"Never mind, darling," Virginia smiled. "A little more waiting and then we'll be driving to the station to meet you . . . the baby and I." She gave a happy sigh. "A girl? A boy? Which?"

Clive touched the clover leaf. Sentimental? Crazy? Perhaps he was. All the same, he knew.

"A girl, of course," he replied promptly. "And her name will be Elizabeth."

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In reply to Clive's query, Virginia said, "I'm feeling much better. Doctor was so pleased with me when he called this afternoon."

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THE SCAPEGOAT

By DAPHNE DU MAURIER

ILLUSTRATED BY BOOTHROYD

Third long instalment of our dramatic serial, the story of a strange deception

AFTER only a few hours in the chateau, the home of Frenchman JEAN DE GUE, whose life I have exchanged for my own, I, the Englishman John, understood why Jean was anxious to escape. FRANCOISE, his wife, expecting a child, is querulous and frightened; BLANCHE, his elder sister, hates him; Renee, his sister-in-law, is boringly infatuated with him; PAUL, his younger brother, is jealous of him. Only his ten-year-old daughter, MARIE-NOEL, and his mother, LA COMTESSE, love or understand him.

At the luncheon table I unwittingly made everyone angry with me when I gave the presents. Renee's gift of a black nightgown was obviously not for display, an insulting joke was directed at Paul with the bottle of medicine, and Blanche did not even open hers. After lunch I went with Paul to the foundry. A man in the office, JACQUES, and Paul both question me as to the result of the Paris trip. Remembering the mother had said something about a contract, I told them I had renewed the Carvalet contract on the same conditions. This news pleased them both. On my way back to the chateau I met JULIE, who took me to see her son ANDRE, who had been burnt in the foundry. Later I find a letter from the firm Carvalet and it confirms my worst fears. The contract has not been renewed. NOW READ ON:

I DID not, for the moment, mind about Jacques or any of the family here at the chateau, because presumably they had prepared themselves for the worst, and were merely surprised and relieved that they were able to believe the contrary.

Here they could continue to live on the revenue from their land, or on their inherited income, the chateau becoming shabbier, the grounds more ill-kept, they themselves growing older and more discontented, blaming the outside world for everything that had happened.

I minded, immediately, for the workmen I had seen at the foundry this afternoon, and above all for Andre, with his burnt, bandaged side, lying in bed in the cottage, and Julie, who had given me coffee and sugar from her small hoard.

I minded that their eyes should change, that when I went back again to the foundry they would discover that the good news was not good news after all but bad, that I had lied to them, that the contract with Carvalet had not been renewed. Instead of that tolerant, indulgent smile of welcome they would look away, ignoring me, not even bothering to show contempt; and when Jacques explained to them that the whole thing had been a misunderstanding, and unfortunately, things being as they were, Monsieur le Comte could not afford to run his business at a loss, their faces would show—to a lesser degree, because they were not physically in pain—the same blank look of the burnt Andre.

Something would have damaged them which they themselves were powerless to prevent, but which Monsieur le Comte could have foreseen and guarded against, had he only cared. They would watch Paul and myself drive back to the chateau, and then, the machinery suddenly idle, the furnace quiet, and the heap upon heap of little bottles waiting to be packed, they would return to the line of cottages in the sandy lane, with the plaster peeling and the damp on the ceilings, and say to one another, "It doesn't matter to him, but what about us? What happens to us now?"

The thing that puzzled me most was why I cared. The loyalty in Julie's eyes, the patient acceptance in Andre's, the swift change from hostility to something near admiration in Paul's, and still more in Jacques', the welcome camaraderie in the workmen's, all this had not been given to me but to Jean de Gue. The scorn and disenchantment which must now follow would therefore go to him in the same way, and could not touch my inviolate self.

What was happening, then, was that I wanted to preserve Jean de Gue from degradation. I could not bear to see him ashamed. This man, who was

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I realised that a blond woman was watching Marie-Noel and myself with intense amusement and I heard her say, "The family man for a change."

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A Foreign Body

By Australian author ALISON CLARE

MARY LEIGHTON was never the sort of girl who became head prefect or captain of the hockey team. Once she was an emergency for the school tennis four, and twice she came fourth in the junior swimming. She sang in the choir, and appeared in school plays as part of the rabble in "Julius Caesar" and as one of four fairies in "Midsummer Night's Dream."

She was a nice girl, who was no trouble either to her teachers or her parents. Her reports invariably said: "Mary is a conscientious worker and an excellent student."

She continued to be both after she left school. She went into an office and did a secretarial course at night. By the time she was twenty she had a responsible position and a good salary.

Her father retired, and the ageing parents then vanished to a distant country town, parting from their agreeable, untroublesome daughter with regret, but with the proud knowledge that Mary was the kind of girl who could be trusted in any situation, and would never do anything wrong!

Mary went to live at a dreary suburban hostel, and, having no relatives and few friends, she was lonely. So the "excellent student" occupied herself by attending night classes and lectures on such a variety of subjects that, after three more years, she had acquired an astonishing range of information on topics as varied as Greek architecture, floral art, British history, millinery, psychology, and political thought in the U.S.A. today. She had also learned dressmaking, how to make French flowers, lampshades, and gloves.

Occasionally Mary worried because she never actually seemed to need much of this fascinating information she possessed. Even the French flowers, lampshade, and gloves had but limited use, because you could wear only one flower or one pair of gloves at a time, and when you lived in a bed-sitter, two lampshades were positive luxury.

As she did not go out very much, her beautifully made and unobtrusive dresses and hats were not much noticed, but, never having expected life to be a rich pageant of color, she was reasonably well content. Though she sometimes felt that nothing ever seemed to happen to her, there was always the expectation that something might. The night of the annual office party administered deep and serious shock.

The party took place in the large canteen and was an elaborate affair—dinner-dance, Christmas tree, presentation of service awards, platitudinous speeches—the works. Mary, who loved dancing, looked forward to the office "do" with enthusiasm. Last year she had enjoyed herself immensely.

This year the party was different. All the young things had come in short, stiff dresses and masses of petticoats, the older marrieds were there, and the indispensable spinsters and nice old boys. The old boys asked her to dance, and either trod on her toes or pumped her arm over-enthusiastically, but the spare men all seemed to have brought their own partners this time, and, not surprisingly, they danced with them.

Mary was surprised to find herself sitting out dances, making the polite annual conversation with the directors' wives. She escaped to the refuge of the powder-room.

It was there she was mortified to hear herself being called "rather pathetic and frumpish" by one of the junior typists.

"Well, I suppose she's not so old, really," one seventeen-year-old said, "but she's so dowdy, always wearing those grey and navy-blue and fawn things, all those ghastly prim colors. Why doesn't she wear red for a change, or chartreuse, or something with a kick in it?"

"What good would that do?" another asked practically. "It's not what she wears, it's how she puts it on."

They drifted out in a cloud of scented gossip, and Mary went straight home, looked at all her clothes, admitted the bitter truth of the girls' words, and cried for hours.

That was Friday night. She wept most of Saturday, spent Sunday planning action, and rang up the office on Monday to say she was sick. She visited the hairdresser and the chemist, leaving the first with auburn lights in her dark brown hair, and the second with eye make-up and a package of large cotton-wool swabs.

She enjoyed getting ready for work the next morning. She liked the red tint in her hair, and she giggled happily as she placed a large pad of cotton-wool over one eye, and carefully taped it in place.

Smiling at the dramatically transformed image in the mirror, Mary then applied a little green eye-shadow to the lid of the unbandaged eye, and mascara to the lashes. With a minute flick of rouge in the inner corner and a slight smudge from the eyebrow-pencil in the outer, exactly as the chemist's assistant had suggested, her good eye looked enormous. And the other, with its bulky pad, had a grotesquely appealing air.

Its effect when she went out was immediate. The sour manageress of the hostel rushed to help her down the stairs, offered a taxi, tea, and sympathy. Mary disdained them all with a brave smile, and walked down the street, a little uncertain of her steps due to impeded vision, but immensely enjoying the interested glances of people she saw daily on the way to the station but who never saw her.

Such attention was balm to the wounded ego, and, wearing a brave heroine's smile, Mary walked into the big outer office, where the starling chatter of young typists faded into astonished clamor.

"Oh, Miss Leighton, whatever did you do?"

"Oooh, Miss Leighton, were you in an accident?"

To one whose arrival was usually noted only by murmurs of "Here she is, better get going," the attention was champagne.

The boss, startled by the sight of his pathetically damaged secretary, offered time off, medical assistance, and assurance that she must not overtax herself. If there was any solitary thing he could get her, then she must say so at once.

The brave smile was becoming automatic. She gave one to the boss and murmured: "It's very kind of you, Mr. Smeaton, but I'm really all right. The doctor said I must have collected a foreign body in my eye and it's damaged the retina a little. I'm afraid I shall have to wear this thing for a while. I do hope you can bear the gruesome sight."

She fluttered the mascaraed lashes of her good eye and smiled wistfullly, and the boss was astonished to find himself thinking, for the first time in six or seven years, this girl was really good-looking. He took her out to lunch, insisted frequently on relaxation, and sent her home in a taxi.

The next morning proved just as enjoyable, and after lunch came the moment for which Mary had been waiting. Geoff Hudson came in to discuss the works' output with Mr. Smeaton.

Geoff was production manager. He was the tall, magazine-type hero. Wednesday lunch-hours were usually devoted by the typists to fingernail-painting and hair-primping in preparation for his weekly visit. He had started with the firm on the same day as Mary, and had gone spectacularly upwards. He was thirty-one, and it was entirely his own fault that he was unmarried. He had always been kind to Mary.

Once, three years ago, he had squired her to the office party, and several times had taken her to a show or on a picnic. After the party he had kissed her lightly, and Mary had been Geoff's girl ever since. Nobody knew, and she had never found it bothersome loving Geoff. She quite enjoyed it; as she enjoyed his startled glance at her eye.

"Good heavens, Mary, what have you been up to? Get yourself involved in a brawl or something?"

She laughed, looked up, down, then up again with a fluttering of darkened lashes, and he saw that she had very beautiful eyes, or rather one very beautiful eye.

"That's right, Geoff. I was the ring-leader in one of those political street brawls. I bit one man on the wrist and kicked a policeman, and they bashed me up. See!"

"Jeepers, look at that!" one of the juniors in the outer office said as they all stopped to watch Geoff Hudson talking intently to Mary about her eye.

By the time she had finished taking notes for Geoff's report in Mr. Smeaton's office, the rumor was wildly through the building that Miss Leighton, quiet Miss Leighton, had (a) knocked down a policeman; (b) been bitten by a mounted policeman's horse; (c) been gaoled for bad language.

Miss Leighton enjoyed very much the raised eyebrows, the whispers, and the silent sympathy she received later. It was all wonderful—notice, attention, notoriety, what did it matter? She had been starved of any of these all her life.

It was Geoff Hudson who piloted her down the office steps after work, who helped her into his car and drove her home.

They sat outside the institutional-looking building, talking in the car, and shuddering at its depressing Victorian exterior. Geoff said, "I was wondering, if you weren't doing anything special tonight, if you'd like to come to dinner some place, but I suppose your poor eye wouldn't allow it."

"Oh, I think it would," Mary assured him after the right amount of hesitation. "That is, if you wouldn't mind being seen in public with a crock." She put a hand up to her "bad" eye, then managed to draw the same hand across her burnished hair. The late afternoon sun glinted down at the same time, and Geoff noticed that not only did Mary have

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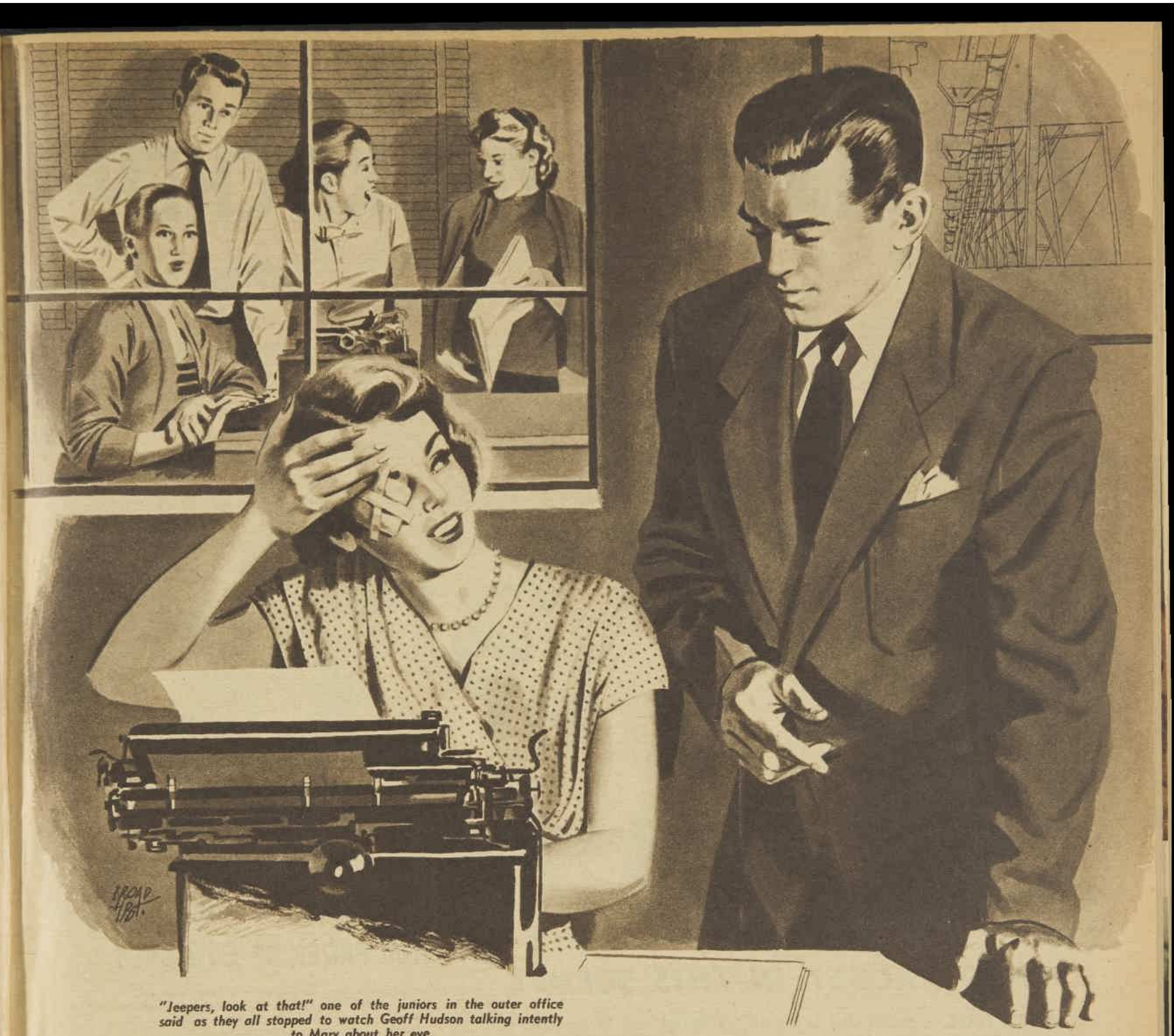

"Jeepers, look at that!" one of the juniors in the outer office said as they all stopped to watch Geoff Hudson talking intently to Mary about her eye.

a beautiful eye, but she was almost a redhead. He had a weakness for redheads.

He called for her an hour later. She had showered, applied a new pad to the eye, a slightly smaller one this time, had made up the other eye with just a little more shadow and a little more of everything else, and had put on a dark green dress, very plain, which had looked ordinary until she now decided to wear it without its jacket.

She had always thought it rather bare before, but now, with a huge white flower at the waistline, it looked just the sort of sleeveless dinner-dress any attractive girl would wear.

They had dinner at a new place where there was dancing, too. They stayed for supper, and Geoff, remembering that Mary always had been a good dancer, wondered why he hadn't noticed her at the office party the week before. When he asked, she didn't tell him he had been too interested in the pretty blonde he had brought, but said she had had to leave almost at once as her eye was so sore.

"That must have been the beginning of this silly business. It got so bad I had to have some attention on Monday. It sounds so dramatic, doesn't it, a 'foreign body,' like an unknown satellite or the corpse of a murdered European diplomat. I do hope I won't have to wear this appalling thing much longer. I feel such a fool!"

"Why? You know, it rather suits you. You make quite an appealing female pirate, and there's something else. It, well, it sort of focuses attention on your other eye, and might I say that that is a remarkably beautiful one?"

Mary smiled her thanks, and he held her a little closer. He was wondering what on earth had possessed him to take that blond idiot to the dance last week when he might have asked Mary. This was a very intelligent girl he was dancing with. Over dinner they had discussed industrial management, a subject on which she had a surprising amount of knowledge.

Definitely she was unusual. He had recently been to the States for the firm, and found that Mary was almost as up-to-date in her knowledge of what was going on in U.S.A. as his trip had caused him to be. It appeared, too, that she had made that rather dashing dress she was wearing, as well as the flower and those elegant white gloves which lay by her bag on the table.

Several years back, he recalled, they had had a few outings, and why on earth he hadn't really noticed all Mary's charms and abilities he couldn't really think.

He proceeded to stake a claim to most of Mary's free time. Though she hated doing it, she declined an invitation occasionally. It wouldn't do, she thought, to seem too eager, though that was exactly how she did feel, eager and alive and very anxious that Geoff should keep on noticing her. She no longer felt just agreeably and gently in love. It was a much fiercer feeling, surprising her by its intensity and the knowledge that it must be now or never for her.

She debated lengthily about the eye-pad. Would she leave it on or not? Was it spinning out the tale just a little too long? Then she decided to wear it for perhaps another ten days. Although the first ready sympathy had died away, the bandaged eye still brought delightful attention. She left it off for the first time on a Wednesday, when Geoff was due in the office. For a while she felt quite naked without it, but when she had made up the eye with her newly acquired deftness, she was pleased with the effect.

At the office they commented briefly on it, then the juniors settled down to speculate about what had been happening to Miss Leighton.

"It's not her clothes, she still wears the same ones."

"But she puts them on differently," one wise seventeen-year-old said.

It was the same observant young female, who, loitering by Mary's open office door during the afternoon visit of Geoff Hudson, heard him say: "Mary, you look wonderful. You're a most disturbing influence in a business office. I just can't keep my mind on those damn reports."

The girl nipped back nimbly to report this startling development and to enjoy the reaction. "Well, what do you know," she informed the others, "our quiet Mary seems to have grabbed herself the only really eligible male around the place."

The juniors then were not surprised when the engagement was announced a month later. They cheerfully put in five shillings each for a silver tray, and were delighted to be asked to the wedding.

Mary was not dressed as a bride, but she looked beautiful and radiant and she did carry a bouquet. Her mother, down from the country and fussing happily about the bride, was surprised to see her daughter tucking a blob of cotton-wool into the middle of her wedding bouquet.

"Mary, dear girl, what on earth is that for? Is it some strange new custom?"

"No, darling, just a reminder of a very old one—you might call it an old hunting custom. Actually, Mother, this was my 'foreign body,' bless it for ever!"

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£2000 IN CASH PRIZES just to PUT RINSO IN THE KITCHEN

WHICH IS THE PLACE FOR THE RINSO PACKET IN THIS SCENE?

READ THIS FIRST. It contains clues to help you find the right spot for the packet of Rinso. Simply put a cross in the position you have chosen in the picture, and fill in the coupon.

At the Browns' house, it looks as though the whole family is lending a hand to get through the washing-up. To-night they are all off to the pictures, so Mum and Dad are looking to Rinso to get the dishes done extra quickly. Those richer, softer suds soon whizz through the dishes, and, in next to no time, Mrs. Brown's hands are out of the hot washing-up water. Like 7 out of every 10 Australian housewives, Mrs. Brown keeps her cupboards well stocked with Rinso, so there is always plenty within easy reach. Along with the vegetables, fruit, meat, and other household items, she always puts two packets of Rinso on her weekly shopping list. She knows there's nothing like those richer, softer Rinso suds in the kitchen or in the laundry . . . and they keep her hands soft and pretty, too.

RULES FOR CONTESTANTS

1. Mark the picture with a cross in the position you have chosen for the Rinso packet.
2. Complete the sentence shown in the entry form. Remember, entries will be judged on neatness, originality and aptness of thought.
3. Send in as many entries as you like. Each entry must be accompanied by the opening flap marked "Press tab here" from a Mighty or Economy Size Rinso packet.* Should you wish to mark more than one position for the Rinso packet include a Rinso opening flap for each cross.
4. The judges' decision will be final and no correspondence will be entered into.
5. Contest closes Friday, 6th September, and entries must be received by midnight of this date. A complete list of prize-winners will be published in this magazine, issue dated 25th September.

*Rinso opening flaps are not required from residents of any State where the inclusion of such would contravene the law of that State.

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FOR TEENAGERS

Here's your answer

By LOUISE HUNTER

How to make friends with people seems to be one of the big problems that face teenagers. There are lucky ones with a wide, friendly family circle to help them, but many others really suffer because of their limited circle of acquaintance.

TENNIS clubs and other sporting activities are good places to meet people, but really there is no better place than your church and its affiliated social clubs and charities.

Here are some letters from teenagers who want more friends:

"I AM a young man of 18 years of age and my problem is that girls do not seem to like me. I do not think I am very shy or ugly, but when I speak to girls they seem to be uncomfortable, and they always try to avoid me when they see me. I go to as many dances as I can, but no girl will ever allow me to escort her home. I do hope you will be able to help me as I am becoming desperate."

R.F., Vic.

The trouble with girls is that those in whom you would be interested are shy, unpoised young creatures. Many of them, without doubt, feel just as desperate as you do, because the boys don't seem to like them.

But if you honestly mean your remark that girls don't seem to like you, you should take time off and consider what sort of person you are. I always think it is your own fault if people don't like you. It means you are not likeable, and if this is so you should take steps to alter it. The first thing to do is to examine your manners and see how good they are.

Good manners go a long way in human relations; they let people get to know you under favorable circumstances.

I think your manners could be improved or you wouldn't simply ask a girl if you could take her home from a dance. You'd ask her to the dance or ask her out somewhere else first. If you do this she knows you like her, and you are not making a heavy-handed pass at her because all the other boys are taking girls home.

Probably the only other thing that ruins your chances is that you may try too hard to impress the girls.

Girls, as I said before, are shy and awkward when they're in their early teens, particularly if they think you are romantically interested in them.

It seems difficult, doesn't it, but what I'd do is brush your manners up and skip romantic approaches to girls. Talk to them about mutual interests—the football, the weather, or what Mandrake's up to this week. They'll find you're a nicer boy than they thought.

"AFTER asking many times I have come to the conclusion that, no matter what girl I ask, she will not go out with me. I have been interested in girls since about four years ago, and I have been asking girls out from time to time. The responses have always been that she has another date, she wasn't allowed, or she had something else to do. I am nearly 18 years old, 6ft. tall, average build, looks, and intelligence. Could you please help me on this subject?"

"Rejected," N.S.W.

It certainly is a bit baffling. All I can do is refer you to the answer to "R.F." above. What maddens me about a letter like yours is that if I knew you or knew some of your friends I could help you.

I know this sounds like an advertisement, but why don't you ask your best friend what is the trouble? If you can't do this, ask your sister, if you have one.

You will probably find you have some small social disability like manners that could be improved, badly kept fingernails, or too much goo on your hair.

A word from Debbie . . .

SAVORY pinwheels are delicious and unusual and are a good follow-up to bowls of soup. Roll out your shortcrust or puff pastry to a thin, oblong shape, spread on a filling. For the filling mix ¾ cup of grated cheese with 2 tablespoons of chopped ham, 2 tablespoons of chopped shallot, and 1 tablespoon of tomato sauce. Roll up, making a long roly-poly, and cut into one-inch lengths. Cook on a greased slide with the joined side up in a hot oven for seven to 10 minutes.

Cocktail sausages are different served in pastry envelopes, too. You boil sausages for 10 minutes, drain, and cool them. Cut thinly rolled puff pastry into four-inch squares, and place a cold, cooked sausage diagonally on each. Fold one corner up and over the sausage, glaze with milk, then fold opposite corner over, and press lightly together. Bake about seven minutes in hot oven.

Next time you make a batch of scones, add a cup of mixed fruit and a good pinch of spice and stir in 1 teaspoon of golden syrup with the liquid. They're different.

********** *DISC DIGEST* **********

FEW will deny that among modern, middle - brow music Ferde Grofe's "Grand Canyon Suite" must take a very high place. Perhaps its greatest attraction is that it is so straightforward, doing exactly what it was intended to do—to describe in music the sights and sounds of Arizona. And Grofe knew what he was writing about, because for years he toured the mountains and deserts of that State as an itinerant pianist.

The movements of the suite are "Sunrise," "Painted Desert," "On the Trail" (that clippety-clop tune which almost everyone knows), "Sunset," and "Cloudburst." The newest LP recording to hand (P.8347) carries the F.D.S. seal (full dimensional sound). When you see this on an album it is a genuine guarantee of high fidelity, and if you want to check this for yourself, just play over the "Cloudburst" section. The music is played by the Hollywood Bowl Symphony Orchestra under Felix Slatkin.

The same group is also heard on the reverse of the disc, this time playing Grofe's less familiar "Mississippi Suite." A much earlier work, it was written when Grofe was pianist and music arranger for Paul Whiteman. Incidentally, it was Whiteman who encouraged Grofe to compose after he had heard his orchestration of Gershwin's "Rhapsody in Blue."

Once again Grofe is unashamedly pictorial, and he traces the mighty river from its source right down to New Orleans. The colorful and always melodic sections are "Father of Waters," "Huckleberry Finn," "Old Creole Days," and "Mardi Gras." The last portion will be familiar to you because the theme was used for that very popular song of a few years back, "Daybreak."

If you're interested in light classics, watch out for this disc. It isn't hard to spot, because the cover has a dramatic, full-color, CinemaScope view of the Grand Canyon.

★ ★ ★

NEWEST of the film stars to make his disc debut is Robert Mitchum, and he's right up there in front with two timely calypso numbers, "Mama Looka Boo Boo" and "What Is This Generation Coming To?" Unlike many actors turned singer, Bob does a terrific job, and passes for a true Calypsonian. He's on CP.1188.

—BERNARD FLETCHER.

Instant acting!
Non-drying!
Fabulously mild!

MARVELOUS SHAMPOO

A wonderful shampoo for normal and dry hair

Preserves your permanent—protects your tint! A shampoo so gentle you needn't have the slightest worry about it swelling your hair and making it porous (the reason you lose your wave). A single rinsing billows up so quickly, rinses out so completely, it releases every springy tendril, leaves your hair naturally soft and shiny and so manageable. Deliciously fragrant with the scent of spring flowers.

Bubbles 1/3

Bottles 5/6

Creation of Richard Hudnut

M21.102

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1. Soothing linctus relieves congestion and irritation in nose, throat and chest.

2. Lantigen anti-cold oral vaccine attacks the basic germ infection.

MARVELLOUS RESULTS! "... As a victim of the most severe attacks of common cold and sore throat, at last I have a marvellous treatment, rapid results, absolutely wonderful." Edinburgh Cough Mixture relieves coughing, sore throats, congestion faster. Get a bottle today. From Chemists only.

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"Miss Photography" takes a bath

"Miss Photography" takes a bath. *Lovely Lorraine Pritchard, recently voted "Miss Photography", says: "Dettol has been in our home as long as I can remember. It's an old friend of mine—especially for my bath. Dettol is so refreshing that way." Yes, Dettol is very refreshing in the bath, and of course, pleasant, fragrant Dettol is harmless to everything but germs.*

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Dettol is the safe, effective yet gentle antiseptic . . . a good friend in need at all times. Does not stain, does not pain.

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Created by **FINLAW MILLS** *of Melbourne*

Letters from our Readers

£1/1/- is paid for the best letter of the week as well as 10/6 for every other letter published on this page. Letters must be the writers' original work and not previously published. Preference will be given to letters signed for publication.

WEEK'S BEST LETTER

WE are always hearing of victims remaining unidentified for some time after accidents. This causes the police and hospitals considerable trouble in contacting next-of-kin, and it amazes me that some form of identification card hasn't been made compulsory. They were used successfully during the war, and, after all, we do face a minor war of accidents and sudden illness every day. Quite a lot of heartbreak could be saved by this method of immediate identification.

£1/1/- to Mrs. K. Meyer, 9 Gamble St., East Oakleigh, Vic.

WITH income-tax forms looming large on the horizon, I'm wondering once again just why we have to face this hurdle in June and July. Why not January? It would seem much easier and more logical to assess our tax on income earned from January to December. June and July are undoubtedly a male innovation, for no woman would ever call part of two years one year. At least one bright spot in tangling with the tax now is that there's always a bright fire ready to receive the forms which are messed up in the struggle.

10/6 to Mrs. Leila Watson, 188 High St., Bendigo, Vic.

I ALWAYS feel sorry for children who ask intelligent questions and receive no helpful reply from their parents. Recently I heard a small boy ask his mother, as they strolled through a park, why all the leaves died and fell off the trees. The mother just ignored him, leaving the perplexed youngster to solve the problem himself. If parents don't help, to whom can children turn? The trouble is that many parents forget they were once babies themselves.

10/6 to Mrs. G. Robinson, 25 Annie St., Torwood, Brisbane.

FROM the attitude of some people, you'd think it was a social crime to be a non-drinker. At many social gatherings, the non-drinker is looked on as a trifle queer, and can even be caused real embarrassment by the continual question: "Are you sure you won't have a drink?" There are many reasons, including medical ones, why people don't drink, and they are entitled to refuse to drink, just as the drinker is entitled to imbibe to his heart's content. When will people realise this?

10/6 to "Non-Drinker" (name supplied), Narwee, N.S.W.

WHY do so many mothers adopt the unhealthy habit of feeding their children ice-cream, chips, biscuits, and the like when they're out shopping? Surely if these children are given adequate meals at the proper times these "extras" are quite unnecessary. Apart from the fact that no child looks attractive with his face and clothes smeared with food, there is always the risk of passers-by having nice clothes marked by sticky fingers.

10/6 to "N.C." (name supplied), Ringwood, Vic.

I MAKE scrapbooks from pictures and old greeting cards to send to children's hospitals and overseas missionaries. I use many pictures from The Australian Women's Weekly, and I wonder if readers could help by sending me cards, magazines, or pictures for which they no longer have use.

Betty Marshall, 27 Bourke St., Launceston, Tas.

Glamor on the farm

WHILE agreeing with "Farmer's Wife" (12/6/'57) that some women are snobbishly condescending towards farmers' working wives, I believe that in many cases this is not because the women tackle manual work but because they fail to make the most of their appearance. While working they cannot be expected to compare with city women, but they could choose clothes which, besides being suitable, are attractive to their coloring and type. Even when they go to town they don't seem to worry much about their appearance. A wife who can do a man's work, and be feminine, well-groomed, and poised when she is away from the farm, would never meet with anything but admiration.

10/6 to Mrs. Joan Mountford, Charley's Creek, Donnybrook, W.A.

Family affairs

TOWARDS the end of school holidays, as the kiddies became bored, petty squabbles and tears became steadily worse. Last holidays were no exception, with the younger child repeatedly coming to "tell on" the other. Although I'd rather let them sort out their own minor problems, I couldn't ignore complaints they'd brought before me. So I hit on the idea of providing them with pencils and notebooks, and getting them to write out their complaints as they occurred. At the end of each day, I would deal with these complaints, and even the children had to laugh when they saw just how silly their little differences looked on paper.

£1/1/- to P. Ritchie, 11 Carmel Ave., Mt. Waverley, Vic.

● ***Each family is faced with problems that must be given a workable solution. Each week we will pay £1/1/- for the best letter telling how you solved your family problem.***

Ross Campbell writes...

THE PRIVATE EYE

"DO you notice anything in that cupboard?" my wife asked.

I looked over the contents hastily.

"There's a new bottle of tomato sauce!" I said, trying to sound enthusiastic.

She sighed. "Of course you didn't see the plastic coverings I've put on the shelves. The job took me an hour."

"Oh, yes! They look wonderful!" I exclaimed. But it was too late.

Once again I had made the mistake of not noticing.

Next morning she asked: "Are those shirt buttons all right?"

"Yes. Why?" I said.

"Oh, it's just that I sewed them on yesterday. That's why I was interested."

I thanked her, and she gave a dry kind of laugh.

The same night she said to me: "Do you like this cardigan?"

I looked up from the evening paper. The cardigan was a pink one.

"Yes. I've always liked it," I said.

"You've never seen it before. I only bought it today."

I praised the cardigan loudly. I told her what good taste she had.

But again I had left my run too late.

I felt guilty and at the same time a little resentful.

For a husband to see all things he is supposed to see, I thought, he would need eyes like a hawk.

Every day he would have to go

through the house with a searching glance, noting a cupboard tidied here, a floor polished there, and so on.

Still, I decided I would try to do better in future.

The next evening on my return I examined the living-room as if I were Sherlock Holmes.

"That fresh bowl of zinnias is very nice," I said.

"They're jonquils," my wife replied. "And they've been there for three days. I'm glad you like them."

The job of being hawk-eyed had pitfalls, I could see. But I stuck at it.

"I notice you've washed the curtains," I said. "They certainly look better."

This bit of observation was correct. But it didn't seem to please her.

"You speak as if they were filthy before," she replied.

We had the McGoons to dinner.

When my wife brought in the main course, a roast sirloin, I exclaimed: "Oh, goody! This is a treat!"

Turning to the guests I explained: "We usually have hot dogs on Thursdays."

That remark wasn't received too well either.

As far as I can see, the situation amounts to this:

In domestic life it is important to notice things. But it is equally important not to notice things.

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Drink delicious Ovaltine every day. It's the world's most delicious way to get the extra nourishment you need.

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The extra goodness and the extra vitamins in Ovaltine are just what kiddies need to keep them fit and healthy.

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Ovaltine builds healthy happy families who get more joy, more fun, more pleasure out of life.

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Ovaltine brings you sound, restful sleep every night . . . restores lost energy while you sleep.

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Malt, milk AND EGGS! This matchless combination of vital health foods is Ovaltine's special secret. Every rich granule of this superlative product has greater food value. No wonder Ovaltine gives you the glow of good health faster.

2 Fortified with EXTRA VITAMINS !

Vitamins A, B_1, D and Niacin are the vim and vigour vitamins that give you the power to get more out of life . . . that give you and your family more energy for work and play. Prove this to yourself by giving them Ovaltine every day.

3 TWO DELICIOUS FLAVOURS !

Smooth, wonderful CHOCOLATE, and rich, satisfying MALT flavours. Serve them hot or cold. M-m-m-m, they're delicious!

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DeWitt's Antacid Powder gives quick, sure relief

It is common medical knowledge that many of our aches and pains today are caused by a troubled state of mind. This is particularly true of indigestion. When the mind is upset, it seems to follow naturally that the stomach will be upset also. When this happens to you, get DeWitt's Antacid Powder without delay. This wonderful, well-balanced formula rapidly neutralises excess stomach acidity and ensures prolonged relief from pain and discomfort by spreading a soothing protective coating over the troubled stomach lining. A teaspoonful in half a glass of water is usually all that is required to restore normal digestive balance. From chemists and storekeepers everywhere.

"I recommend DeWitt's"
says Nurse R., Hurstbridge, Vic.

"I have been a private nurse for 20 years and have recommended DeWitt's Antacid Powder to patients all round the various suburbs in which I work. I have taken DeWitt's Antacid Powder regularly myself for nervous indigestion with great success."

The original of this letter can be seen at our Melbourne office.

When away from home always carry DeWitt's Antacid Tablets. Packed in handy, tear-off cellophane strips, these pleasant-tasting tablets give quick, sure relief when dissolved on the tongue.

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ANTACID POWDER AND TABLETS

POWDER . . . 7/- large economy size — Regular size 3/6
TABLETS . . . 3/3 large economy size — Regular size 1/9

The faster you're rid of dangerous congestion the faster you'll be rid of your cold or 'flu. **Bonnington's Irish Moss** provides the fastest way to get rid of all that dangerous congestion. Keep up that steady

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at home and at work.

3/6 everywhere.

Insist on
VENCATACHELLUM
THE WORLDS BEST CURRY

BUTCH

"Just tell them you're a free-lance burglar—they'll let you off . . ."

MOTHER

"We'll hide his birthday presents in his wardrobe—he'll never find them there."

It seems to me

By

IN central Queensland there used to be — no doubt there still are—sturdy reddish ants that built good-sized gravelly anthills.

While there may be some exaggeration of memory involved, they seemed much antier ants than the ones I nowadays encounter on picnics in the sandstone scrub surroundings of Sydney.

You would never have sat on one of those northern anthills in error. The inhabitants and their dwellings were conspicuous. The comings and goings were interesting to observe, though fraught with the customary risks of ant-watching.

These somewhat foggy reminiscences are prompted by an American advertisement featuring an "Ant Palace," price approximately £4/10/-.

You can "own a busy, bustling city of 75 large active California Harvester Ants." The palace has clear plastic sides, a hardwood frame, is 14 inches wide and 12 inches high, is escape-proof, unbreakable, and accompanied by simple directions for ant care.

The thought of this packaged anthill is almost tempting. The inside glimpses of the tunnels and corridors would be interesting, though possibly the strong resemblance to city life would be unnerving.

The makers describe it as educational, entertaining, and—that regular selling line for such things—a "wonderful conversation piece."

The stress on conversation-starters is marked in modern American ads. I can only think that the late Senator McCarthy made people so chary of political argument that the nation became temporarily tongue-tied.

★ ★ ★

PEOPLE can be divided into two groups.

The first group, by far the larger, is acquiescent in public. The second is aggressive. Nowadays it's easy to spot the brave minority.

They're the ones who, when they enter a television-equipped restaurant, ask for a switch to the channel they want to see.

★ ★ ★

THE fashionable spike heels with the threepenny-piece bases tend to destroy the pleasure of escalator-riding.

The older style wooden escalators with the deep grooves are proper heel-traps.

After deep thought about this problem I have a couple of suggestions. One is to carry two small tin lids in the handbag. Placing and retrieving them would, however, demand agility.

Another is adhesive bottle-tops to be fixed to the heels just before boarding the escalator.

On the whole it is perhaps better to stick to the current feminine escalator stance, which is on tiptoe.

CRITICISING women as cooks, a famous male chef states that among their failings is lack of discipline.

He claims that a woman can't resist changing a recipe according to her own likes and dislikes.

This, I think, is true, though I would not admit that it is necessarily a fault. I know three or four women who are excellent cooks and who say, when passing on a recipe, "It's one of Boulestin's, actually, but I altered it a bit."

Evidently there must be some inborn feminine desire to depart from the letter of the printed word.

Confronted with a recipe in a book, I invariably add or subtract from seasonings.

Yet if a friend gives me a recipe I follow it in every detail.

The reason for the difference in attitude can only be that I never met Marcel Boulestin or the Countess Morphy or even Mrs. Dione Lucas.

But I personally know Mrs. Whosit who gave me the handwritten recipe, so what she says must be true.

★ ★ ★

A FRIEND of mine has a theory that when reading aloud to small children it isn't the story that's important, it's the attention and the comforting sound of the voice.

She tried it out on her five-year-old nephew the other night.

When he asked for a story she picked a book at random from the shelves.

It turned out to be a Guy de Maupassant collection in the original French.

Undeterred by a limited grasp of the language, she began to read aloud, interspersing De Maupassant's tale of a man and his mistress with a few customary atmospheric sounds associated with Red Riding Hood.

At the end of a page she stopped.

"Oh, go on, Auntie," said the small boy.

"But you don't understand it, do you?" said auntie.

"No," said the nephew comfortably, "but it sounds nice."

★ ★ ★

PUTTING divers' claims for increased pay, a spokesman mentioned that octopuses and giant crabs steal building tools underwater.

"Listen," said the octopus,
"Grizzle, grizzle, grizzle.
Making such a frightful fuss!
Who half-inched the chisel?
How'd you like to make, I ask,
Ocean beds each morning?
Crabs who scavenge have the task,
And, I give you warning,
Keeping track of lost and found
Sends 'em off their rocker;
So they stow the lot in pound
In Davy Joneses locker."

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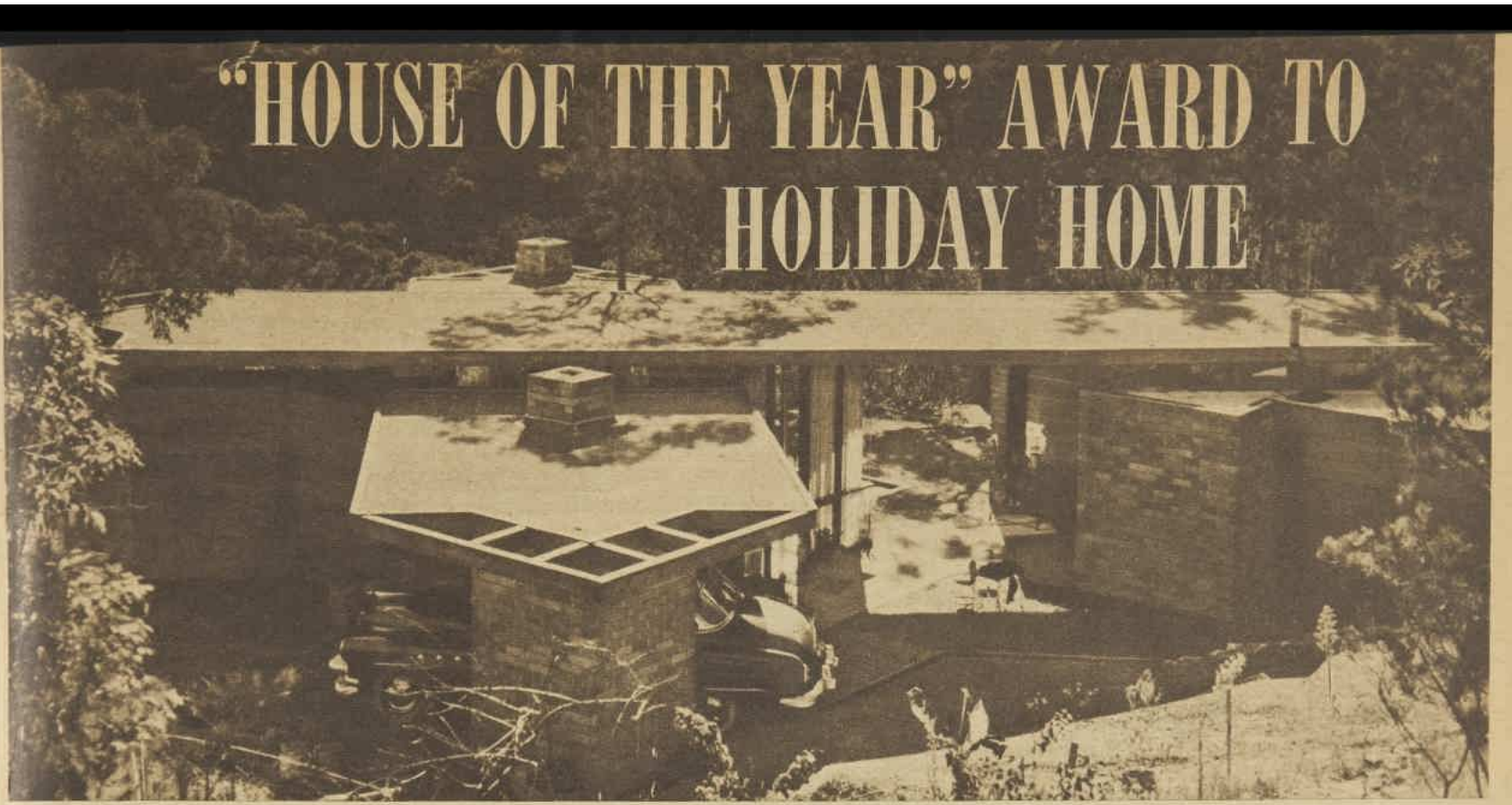
"HOUSE OF THE YEAR" AWARD TO HOLIDAY HOME



● On this and following pages we present the house which "Architecture and Arts" selected from 10 finalists as the best of the year. The panel of judges say it is a remarkable example of modern Australian architecture, with complete harmony between landscape and building.

THE winner of the award is Sydney architect Peter Muller, who designed it as a holiday retreat for Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Walcott, of Bombala, N.S.W., and their two young children.

Built on a level plateau below scenic Bynya Road (only a few minutes' drive from Palm Beach, N.S.W.), the house covers an area of 10½ squares (1050 sq. ft.), with an additional six squares (600 sq. ft.) of covered area for carport, barbecue terrace, and general outdoor living.

Size was not an important factor in the selection of the winning design. The panel of judges chose this one from nine others which reached the finals. Six were built in Victoria, one in Perth, and two in New South Wales.

A spokesman for the award panel said that while Mr. Muller's design used principles frequently employed by the great American architect Frank Lloyd Wright, the house itself had many striking original features, both in plan and elevation, and was most suited to Australian conditions.

"The space in and around the house has been sculpted in a masterful manner, providing a truly delightful place for holiday living," he said.

"In this house Mr. Muller has used his building materials as an artist uses his paint, where all elements are related."

A glance at the plan and the picture above will show that the house is divided into separate units—living and sleeping—connected only by a covered walk.

This was done not only to create an atmosphere of holiday living but, more important still with young children in the picture, to separate completely the sleeping area from the noise of general living and of entertaining.

The block devoted to general living is simply one large room with a cleverly designed kitchen alcove. The alcove, although fully exposed to the main room, is not obviously a kitchen.

The deep-freeze and refrigeration units are built into timber cupboards, and the oven and top burner are built into separate, semi-concealed units.

Wall bookshelves from the main area extend across into the alcove, making the workshop of the home still less obvious. The dining-table, which cantilevers into the main area, serves as a division between the two areas.

A "cosy corner" has been made by setting one corner of the room down 18in. below the main floor level, by installing adjustable lighting, and by building in seats round the open fireplace.

Apart from the solid wall enclosure behind the fireplace, the walls of the main area are mainly of glass, which slide back into cavity walls to link up the garden terrace and barbecue area.

From the terraces and living-room the surrounding bushland, as well as magnificent views of Pittwater and the distant hills, are a constant source of enjoyment.

In the bedroom block, reached by the covered way, there are three bedrooms, two of which contain staggered bunks, a spacious lobby which also serves as a children's play area, and two separate, well-equipped toilet rooms.

Sloping walls

OUTWARD-SLOPING walls of timber—a revolutionary departure in home planning—are a feature of the children's bunk-type bedrooms. The sloping walls not only permitted the installation of the second bunk in each bunk-room but increased the general space of the rooms without adding to the floor dimensions.

Another ingenious idea was the way in which clerestory lighting was used. It runs ribbon-like round the main roof in both blocks.

Architect Muller says he used it throughout because:

(1) It reduces the scale of a house to a more human level—impossible with the conventional nine-foot uniform ceilings.

(2) It reduces the sense of being enclosed, and still gives privacy.

(3) Narrow enough to ensure that sun-penetration is controlled.

(4) Gives perfect cross-ventilation at ceiling level, where it is really required, more especially in hot weather.

All lighting for after-dark use comes from built-in pelmets or troughs, or box-like cross-beams at 7ft. 4in. height. Direct concealed and adjustable spot-lights are strategically placed for comfort.

Floodlights in the trees illuminate outside terraces and gardens.

In summertime, these floodlights draw the insects away from the house and fill the rooms with soft reflected light just like moonlight.

Perhaps the most striking feature of the house is the crossed roof structure.

This was factory-built of a series of 7ft. x 14ft. units. Two 7ft. x 14ft. plywood sheets were sandwiched together and separated only by 5in. x 1in. oregon joists (spanning 14ft.), standing on edge and 21in. apart. The sheets and the joists were glued together.

The roof and the factory-polished ceilings of coachwood ply were erected in two days.

The lower roof, which spans carport and barbecue fireplace, was so placed in relation to the house as to give the equivalent shadow protection of a 16ft. eave overhang.

To facilitate holiday living, the floors of reinforced concrete were poured directly on to the ground and covered with waterproof plastic floor tile, which requires little attention.

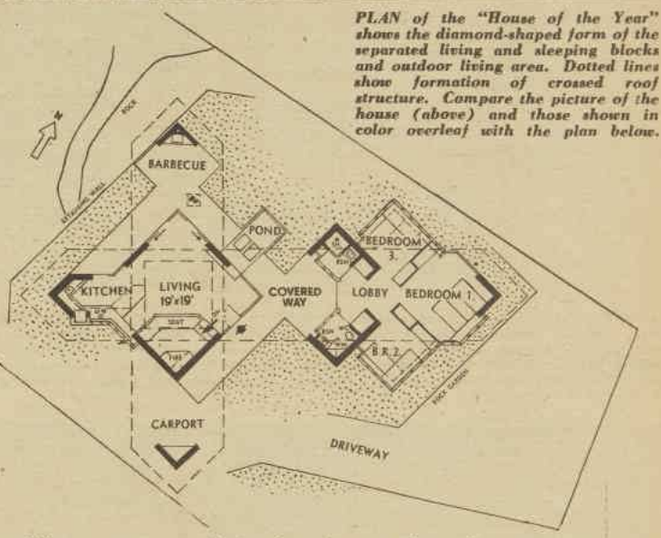
Clear plastic varnish was used inside and outside to protect all timber panelling and boarding.

A progressive council approved the plan under section 50A of the building ordinance, "A very little-used section of the Building Act," says Mr. Muller, "but which allows a council to permit the erection of dwellings of unusual construction."

The architect also pays tribute to his builder, Mr. F. A. Verrills, of Palm Beach.

Color pictures overleaf.

PLAN of the "House of the Year" shows the diamond-shaped form of the separated living and sleeping blocks and outdoor living area. Dotted lines show formation of crossed roof structure. Compare the picture of the house (above) and those shown in color overleaf with the plan below.



The architect

TWENTY-NINE-YEAR-OLD Peter Muller, who designed the "House of the Year" featured in this section, has had a brilliant scholastic career.

Born in Adelaide and educated at St. Peter's College, he graduated with honors from Adelaide University at the age of 21, after completing the full architectural course and obtaining his Bachelor of Engineering degree in the record time of four years.

He was awarded the South Australian Travelling Scholarship. This was followed by the Albert Kahn Scholarship (U.S.A.), and a special graduate Fellowship from the University of Pennsylvania, together with a Fulbright Scholarship—the first Australian architect to receive this award.

At 23 he obtained his Master of Architecture degree.

After travelling and working in America, Canada, and Europe, he returned to Australia in 1953 and settled in Sydney.

At present he is working on several houses for clients in Holland and the U.S.A.

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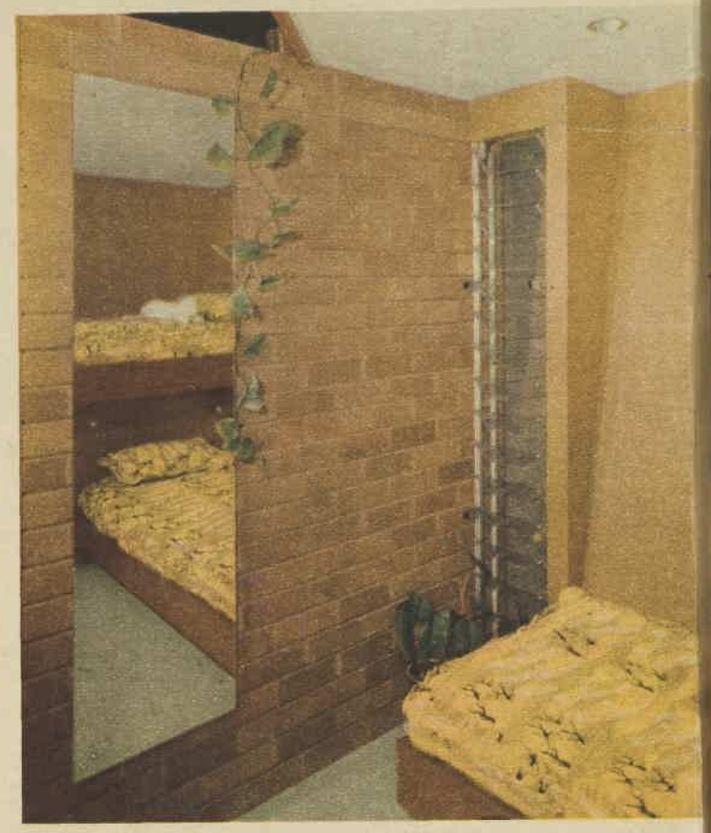
HOUSE OF THE YEAR
Continued from previous page

A perfect holiday retreat

● These pictures illustrate the architect's masterful plan for carefree living. Note the complete division of sleeping and living areas, the ingenious use of timber, brick, and glass, skilful treatment of lighting, and the streamlined kitchen.

Pictures in this feature by Staff Photographer KEITH BARLOW



ABOVE: This view of the barbecue and living block was taken from the entrance to the sleeping area. In the foreground is the reflection pond with its wide stepping-stones. This shallow pool actually extends a short distance into the living-room, where it is surrounded by potted indoor plants. RIGHT: Children's bunk-type bedroom showing louver ventilation and outward sloping wall of timber. The clerestory windows allow additional light and ceiling ventilation.

MAIN BEDROOM is simply furnished for holiday living. Zebra-striped cotton spreads and curtains are easily laundered. The built-in dressing-table has a covered top and is finished in front with satin-finished black plastic. This same material decorates the mirror. Two walls not shown in this picture are lined with floor-to-ceiling cupboards.

LOWER SIDE of the house shows the way in which the architect has combined the use of brick, glass, and timber. This picture also illustrates the position of rooms. From left are the main bedroom, the children's bunkroom, brick wall of the bathroom, covered walk to the separate living area, also the half section of the lower cross-roof.

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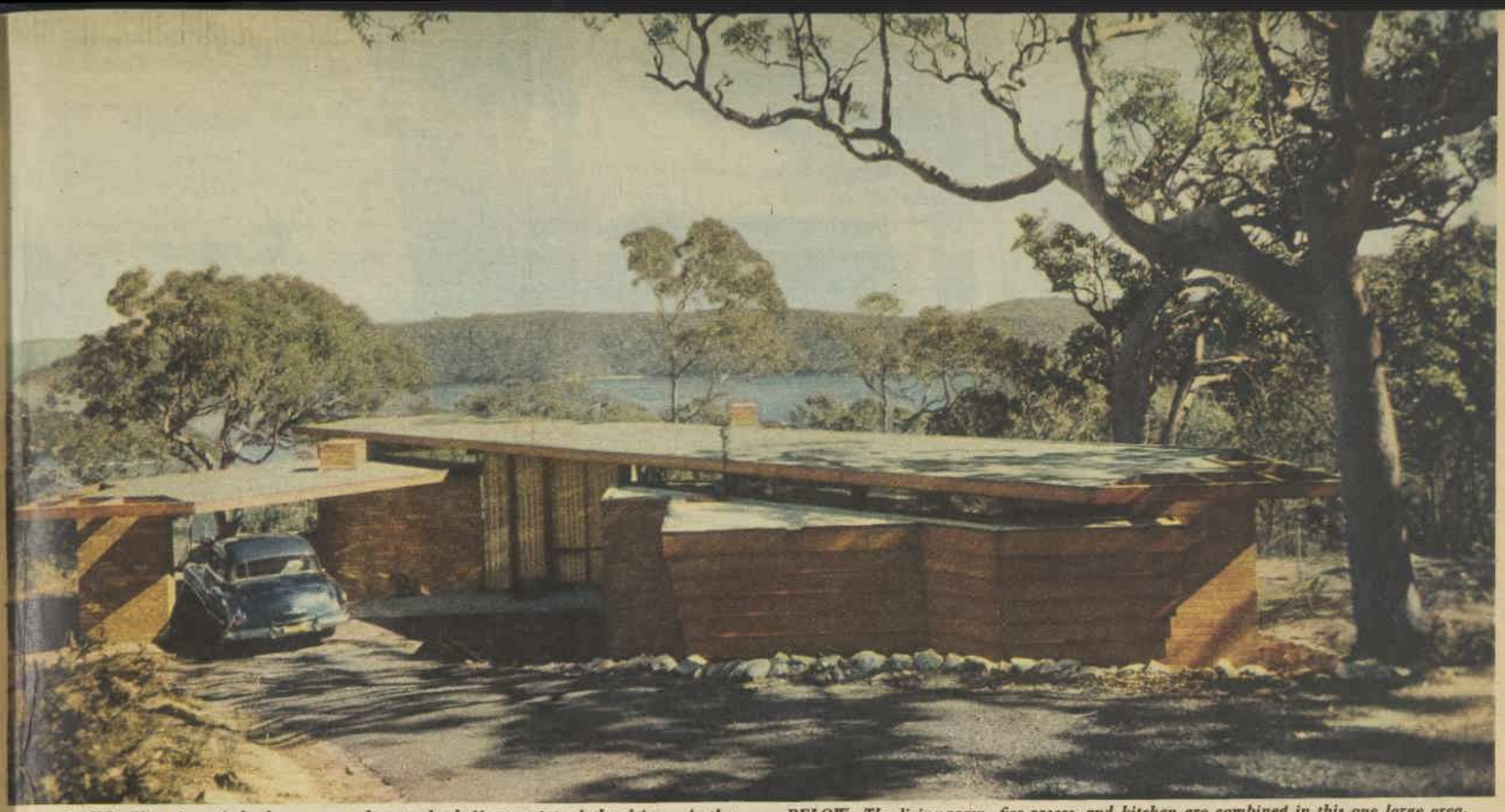

ABOVE: This view of the house was taken at the halfway point of the drive. As the main approach is from a higher level, the dramatic effect of the crossed-roof structure is all-important. Directly beneath the long main roof can be seen the continuous ribbon of clerestory lighting, which gives perfect cross ventilation to rooms at ceiling level. Note how the pierced ends of the crossed roofline cast interesting shadow patterns, and, as the architect says, add a feeling of delicacy to the main solid forms of the structure.

BELOW: The living-room, fire recess, and kitchen are combined in this one large area. The sunken fire-recess (not shown) has built-in seating, adjustable spotlighting for sewing or reading purposes. All lighting is concealed within the cross, box-like ceiling troughs or "pelmets." The cantilevered dining-table is the only separation between the kitchen alcove and living area. Deep-freeze and refrigerator units are built into the kitchen cupboards. The sliding glass walls frame panoramic views of Pittwater.

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16TE5

Enlarging living-room

ARCHITECT'S DIARY, by Sydney architect W. J. McMurray

● A reader who lives at Ipswich, Queensland, has asked my advice about enlarging her living-room to make it more suitable for entertaining.

THE present living-room is rather small, being 14ft. by 11ft., and is completely cut off from the dining-room by the kitchen, situated in between, as shown in the sketch below.

This arrangement prevents the dining-room and living-room being opened up into one big area. Furthermore, having to take guests through the kitchen to the dining-room is an obvious disadvantage.

The bathroom is at one end of a sleepout, so it is necessary for visitors to go through one of the bedrooms to use it. Unfortunately, this location of the bathroom makes any improvement in the general layout of the house difficult.

I suggest, therefore, moving the bathroom to the position shown in the sketch far right, and making a new main entrance in the opposite side of the house from the present one.

Bedroom No. 2 and the dining-room could be converted into a living-room by removing the partition between them and adding a beam, if necessary, for support.

This new living area of 19ft. by 11ft. is a more suitable size for entertaining and opens up into a dining-room of 11ft. by 9ft., making a very comfortable area for a large group of people.

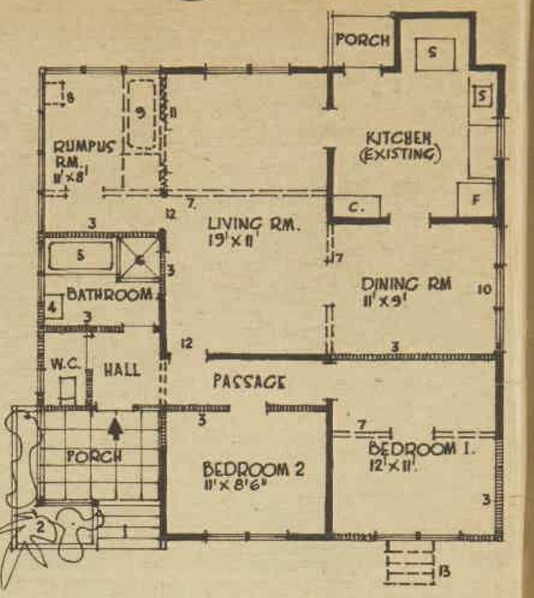
The end of the sleepout previously occupied by the bathroom could be converted into a rumpus-room and separated by a folding partition from the main living area.

This would allow another extension of the living area which would increase the feeling of spaciousness and provide a pleasant air of informality.

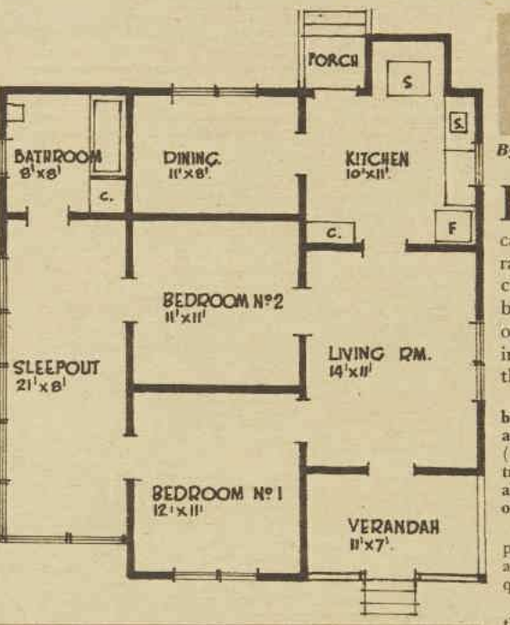
A large living area such as this lends itself to contemporary furnishing. The result would be far more satisfactory than are the existing small isolated rooms.

The bedrooms in the new layout would be situated conveniently near the new bathroom. The old verandah would be used in the extension for the main bedroom.

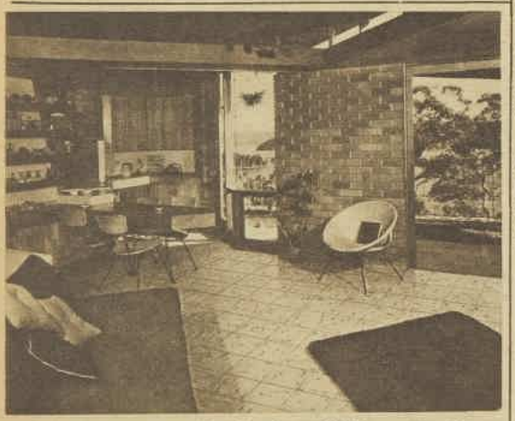
Part of the sleepout could be made into a roomy entrance porch of a similar size to the old verandah, this giving a pleasant approach and protection to the new entrance door.



ABOVE is a sketch plan showing new arrangement for the home with: 1, new entrance steps; 2, flower-box; 3, new walls; 4, basin; 5, bath; 6, shower recess; 7, demolish walls; 8, remove basin; 9, remove bath; 10, new windows; 11, folding partition; 12, new doors; 13, demolish steps.



RIGHT is the sketch plan of the house before alteration. Note how cramped the living quarters are and how inconveniently situated are the dining-room and bathroom. See alterations above.



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Miss Precious Minutes says . . .

To thread elastic through a casing, attach a safety-pin to each end of the elastic. Then, if the elastic pulls through too far, you can work the second safety-pin back to the opening.

TO keep track of the beginning of a round when making knitted d'oyleys or any circular knitting done on double-pointed needles, have two extra needles of a different color. Use an odd-colored one for the first needle in the round, and always begin a round with the other odd-colored needle.

★ ★ ★

IF your cretonne covers have faded after continual washing, dissolve one ounce of Epsom salts for a full-sized cover in hot, soft water, then add enough warm water to allow the covers to become completely immersed, and wash in the usual way. Rinse once and iron before the material has become too dry. The colors will stand out well. However, if the fading has gone too far, the only remedy is to have the covers dyed again.

WHEN the rubber grip of your suspender breaks unexpectedly a button placed under the stocking and caught will hold until you can make more permanent repairs.

★ ★ ★

IF you have trouble hearing the alarm clock ringing in the morning, try standing it on a dinner-plate. This gives it an extra clatter that should wake you.

★ ★ ★

TO remove coffee stains from cotton material, rub the stain with glycerine, then sprinkle on some boracic powder. Spread the material tightly over a bowl and pour boiling water over the stained area, making sure the water goes through the material with some force.

Prevent tooth decay

By Sister Mary Jacob, Our Mothercraft Nurse

PREVENTIVE dentistry is conducting a big campaign to combat the ravages of early tooth decay, and it is the responsibility of all parents to co-operate in this move to improve dental health in their children.

Diseased teeth will result in bad general health, poor appearance, poor chewing (causing indigestion and gastric troubles), toothache and abscesses, and in ultimate loss of all teeth.

Unhealthy roots of teeth can poison the whole body and affect the heart and kidneys quite seriously.

Preventive dentistry teaches that safeguarding the teeth begins from the earliest days of pregnancy, and must be continued for the rest of life.

The pre-natal diet is of tremendous importance, and a diet rich in vitamins and minerals is essential for bones and teeth. Attention should be paid to the diet of the nursing mother and baby, of the toddler and young child until all teeth are cut.

Regular dental supervision from the age of 2½ years and the early teaching of correct dental hygiene are essential for healthy teeth.

Carefully controlled introduction of fluorine to drinking water has been proved to have reduced tooth decay among children by about 60 per cent.

A leaflet about teeth and teething and some ways of preventing early decay can be obtained from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney. Please enclose a stamped addressed envelope.

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(The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.)

AS I READ THE STARS

by Eve Hilliard

For week beginning July 15

Your Sign	Your Luck	Your Job	Your Home	Your Heart	Socially
ARIES The Ram MARCH 21 — APRIL 20	★ Lucky number this week, 9. Lucky color for love, rose. Gambling colors, rose, white. Lucky days, Thursday, Sunday. Luck right under your hand.	★ If there is a cold blanket on your enthusiasm for an enterprise, regard it as a challenge to prove that you know clearly what you are trying to do.	★ Bargain-hunters for the home should have a wonderful time. You might buy, at an absurd price, a valuable antique at an auction sale or find what you seek.	★ Ring the changes on plans for social activities by trying out new places on dates. Show you have originality in suggesting different ideas which are worth trying out.	★ Keep physically fit and mentally on your toes so that you can function at top speed regardless of sudden demands that may be made upon you. Results are happy.
TAURUS The Bull APRIL 21 — MAY 20	★ Lucky number this week, 1. Lucky color for love, yellow. Gambling colors, yellow, grey. Lucky days, Monday, Friday. Luck in a written application.	★ Don't go stewing over tasks which are awaiting you, but deal with each as it presents itself. Fussing about tomorrow will only hamper you and slow you down.	★ A member of your family, possibly an aunt or sister, could be responsible for a grand suggestion which you adopt at once as a practical solution to a vexed problem.	★ Consider the advantages of having a boy-friend in your district. Both of you are likely to be home earlier, with less distance to travel to frequent parties.	★ With brainwaves animating your creative talents, you are inspired to carry through a number of enterprises in record time. Compliments galore.
GEMINI The Twins MAY 21 — JUNE 21	★ Lucky number this week, 2. Lucky color for love, white. Gambling colors, white, gold. Lucky days, Wednesday, Friday. Luck in striking a bargain.	★ Dropping behind on that heavily loaded programme? Dispose of urgent tasks even if you must rise earlier in the morning. Relax in the evening. You need rest.	★ Your finances may suffer from the impact of unexpected demands not allowed for in your budget. Domestic machinery might need repairs or an account may be high.	★ At present you are idealising the beloved. When illusions are shattered you are apt to experience heartbreak. Accept your beloved as an average human being.	★ It is never worth while to end a valuable association with a group just because you cannot agree at every point. Honest differences of opinion should never cause offence.
CANCER The Crab JUNE 22 — JULY 22	★ Lucky number this week, 3. Lucky color for love, violet. Gambling colors, violet, green. Lucky days, Tuesday, Saturday. Luck in leadership.	★ Know what you want. Lack of decision or laziness or slowness in following up opportunities will weaken your best efforts. Be a go-getter this week and cash in.	★ Elders' advice should be received with respect but not always followed. Changes in social customs have come about so that your home requirements may be different.	★ This starts a fresh and most appealing chapter in your emotional life, during which you develop increased thoughtfulness for others. Share your hopes with the beloved.	★ You may kick off on a venture without having informed yourself completely of the possibilities. In mid-career you may alter your original intentions.
LEO The Lion JULY 23 — AUGUST 22	★ Lucky number this week, 8. Lucky color for love, black. Gambling colors, black, white. Lucky days, Tuesday, Friday. Luck in solving a problem.	★ Try to do work which requires concentration when you are least likely to be interrupted. This will prevent mistakes. A near-enough attitude is out at present.	★ Don't leave everything to the last minute, then trust to luck. Why not begin to save for a definite purpose, such as a holiday trip or an important acquisition?	★ Acquaintance with a slightly older person who has enjoyed more educational advantages than you might lead to closer friendship. This could gradually turn into love.	★ There is a tempest in a teapot brewing. Avoid being drawn into it too deeply. The foundation is idle but not ill-intentioned gossip. The storm will pass.
VIRGO The Virgin AUGUST 23 — SEPTEMBER 23	★ Lucky number this week, 1. Lucky color for love, brown. Gambling colors, brown, green. Lucky days, Wednesday, Sunday. Luck in club activities.	★ Many of you have a secret wish to learn a new skill. Shy about voicing it, you might experiment in a small way to find out if your desires are capable of execution.	★ Forcing your own opinions on other members of the household will not contribute to your popularity in the domestic sphere. Be patient and diplomatic.	★ It doesn't matter much what impression you make on others so long as you make a hit with the one and only. If your best-beloved adores you, nothing else matters.	★ Although it is usually fair enough to take people, especially new acquaintances, at their face value, you are cautioned about forming hasty relationships.
LIBRA The Balance SEPTEMBER 24 — OCTOBER 23	★ Lucky number this week, 7. Lucky color for love, any pastel. Gambling colors, tricolors. Lucky days, Monday, Saturday. Luck in the limelight.	★ Don't become agitated if asked to attempt new work. There must always be a first time, and help will be forthcoming if you get stuck. Never mind if you are slow.	★ Perhaps you should weigh the claims of friends, social activities, and the home circle. If you are leaving the family to shift for itself, the effects could be unfortunate.	★ Don't grow discouraged if your attempts to keep romance alive are met with a prosaic attitude. The boy-friend or marriage partner may have other things on his mind.	★ Voluntary workers are likely to gain through investigating methods which have worked well for similar organisations. Your ideas may need polishing up.
SCORPIO The Scorpion OCTOBER 24 — NOVEMBER 22	★ Lucky number this week, 4. Lucky color for love, orange. Gambling colors, orange, black. Lucky days, Thursday, Sunday. Luck across distance.	★ There is a line of demarcation between helping out a pal in a moment of stress and being used regularly as a stop-gap by a slacker. If necessary, explain this.	★ If you imagine you are superior to the drudgery of housework, you are missing that creative approach which should be the homemaker's greatest source of inspiration.	★ Every passing friendship does not end in wedding bells. Boys aren't impressed by the possessive girl who wants to run everything. Let your beloved have other friends, too.	★ Do you dominate the conversation? No matter how witty you are, your listeners will grow restless. Why not throw the conversational ball to them?
SAGITTARIUS The Archer NOVEMBER 23 — DECEMBER 20	★ Lucky number this week, 5. Lucky color for love, grey. Gambling colors, grey, violet. Lucky days, Monday, Sunday. Luck in finding a lost article.	★ Life may have its dull moments, but by changing your attitude, showing interest in what you are doing, there will be a rainbow against those grey skies.	★ Can't you persuade the family to spend a few hours right out of the ordinary round? Hunt for new ways of filling leisure. Visits to museums or galleries could reward.	★ If the one you love best has been involved in a scrape, don't attempt to cover it up. It will be for him, or her, to face the music and take the consequences of any mistakes.	★ Is there someone in your crowd who is jealous of your prestige? You can dissipate what amounts to an inferiority complex by admiring and praising your rival.
CAPRICORN The Goat DECEMBER 21 — JANUARY 19	★ Lucky number this week, 6. Lucky color for love, light blue. Gambling colors, light blue, navy. Lucky days, Wednesday, Saturday. Luck in love.	★ Just because things are looking up, don't go haywire in a burst of optimism, mortgaging the future. Stay in the middle of the road. Keep your purse strings closed.	★ Fire the imagination of the household with your own hopes. They may be quite willing to co-operate but need someone to give them a lead.	★ Don't make commitments involving your beloved. Before accepting social arrangements be sure he is agreeable. Courtesies are owed to those we love.	★ Should you happen to have a friend who is travel-bound, make an occasion of departure or arrival. You may arrange for a joint present or a little party.
AQUARIUS The Waterbearer JANUARY 20 — FEBRUARY 19	★ Lucky number this week, 3. Lucky color for love, mauve. Gambling colors, mauve, white. Lucky days, Friday, Saturday. Luck in completing an undertaking.	★ Tradition may have its points. New trends may give you a lift, so keep a lookout for new methods, but don't scrap the tried and true without reason.	★ This week you will have scope for your ability to smooth minor snarls in the home routine. Do not favor any one person at the expense of the rest.	★ Were you enjoying a delightful friendship which all at once came to an abrupt end? You are entitled to know if you have given offence. Clear up the mystery.	★ A positive suggestion always carries weight. Should you feel the ideas of a certain group are becoming wildly impractical, launch a counter-attack along new lines.
PISCES The Fish FEBRUARY 20 — MARCH 20	★ Lucky number this week, 5. Lucky color for love, green. Gambling colors, green, gold. Lucky days, Tuesday, Sunday. Luck in taking a chance.	★ Your most valuable possession is a sense of humor. A ready smile can close an incident, make a friend of a competitor, clinch a bargain, or help you to your goal.	★ Every woman is dress-conscious, but the homemaker often puts her personal wardrobe last. Right now she should be on the lookout for attractive clothes which flatter her.	★ While romance can turn into many years of happiness, unless there are interests in common it will soon peter out. A girl needs brains as well as a pretty face.	★ Exchanging old friends for new is often disappointing. Those with whom you share a common past may not be exciting, but they are loyal and to be trusted.

Continuing . . . .

The Scapegoat

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not worth the saving, must be spared. Why? Because he looked like me?

I sat in the dressing-room, staring at the polite yet definite letter from Carvalet, and I wondered what had passed through the mind of Jean de Gue when he put it in the pocket of his valise. I knew I must come to a decision—either to tell Paul directly he returned to the chateau that I had lied about the contract or to allow him to go on believing it had gone through.

The first would bring recrimination, scorn, admission of the lie to all the workpeople, and the immediate closing down of the foundry—which, I assumed, was what would have happened anyway had Jean de Gue returned. The second would bring even greater chaos: the manufacture and dispatch to Paris of goods which had not been ordered, and, when the first consignment arrived at the Carvalet works, astounded telephone calls demanding an explanation.

The present contract might have a few days or a few weeks to run. I did not know. Even if facts and figures were put before me, presumably they would make little sense. I knew nothing of business. My sole financial dealings were with the academic establishments which paid my modest fees, and with those editors and publishers who printed my articles and lectures.

What, I asked myself, would be the procedure of the owner of a glass-foundry seeking to get in touch with the firm which bought his wares? No doubt, if the matter were urgent, the office telephone. I was not in an office. I was in the dressing-room of a chateau in the depths of the French countryside, and I did not even know where the telephone was kept.

I put Carvalet's letter in the inside pocket of my coat and went downstairs. It was almost four o'clock. There was no one about, and a feeling of siesta brooded over the place. The aftermath of lunch still clung to the air. I ventured to the door of the salon, half-ajar, and after listening a moment and hearing nothing I stepped across the threshold and saw that it was empty, except for Francoise, who was lying on the sofa asleep.

I crept out again and went back to the hall. Renee was doubtless doing the same upstairs, whether to ease her migraine or to try on the gossamer gift I neither knew nor cared. Marie-Noel, forced into lessons through my abrupt departure to the foundry, was perhaps in the bare, bleak bedroom with her aunt Blanche, while outside the sun shone on the dovecot and the swing.

I found the telephone. It could not have been worse placed, jammed between mackintoshes in the dark, and the machine itself was an old-fashioned one, the mouthpiece fastened to the wall and the receiver hanging at one side.

I unhooked the receiver and waited, and after a moment there was a buzz and a nasal voice intoned the fact "J'ecoute." I was not surprised when, fumbling with the local directory, I discovered that my number was St. Gilles 2. Nothing could have been changed since installation. I asked for Paris and the number printed on Carvalet's letter, and waited, for what seemed eternity, crouched in my dark hole. When I was told at last that Carvalet were on the line I panicked, dropping both letter and receiver, thinking I heard footsteps on the stairs.

The exchange repeated its information, the sing-song patter echoing from the dangling receiver, and, seizing Carvalet's letter to decipher the sprawling signature at the bottom, I murmured into the mouthpiece my request for Monsieur Mercier. Who wanted him, came the question? The Comte de Gue, I replied. And suddenly the enormity of my deception appeared greater than ever, now that I could not actually be seen. I was told to wait, and in a few moments Monsieur Mercier announced that he was at my disposal.

"Monsieur," I said, "a thousand apologies for disturbing you without first warning you of my intention to do so; also for my discourtesy in not acknowledging your letter. I was obliged to return home very suddenly, owing to illness in my family, or I would have called upon you again to raise one or two points which were not quite clear. I have now seen my brother and gone over the points with him, and we are prepared to lower our figure and meet your demands."

THERE was silence at the other end of the line, and then the polite but exceedingly surprised voice answered, "But, Monsieur le Comte, the whole question was gone into very thoroughly between us last week. You made your position quite plain. Do you mean to say you now want to reopen negotiations between your firm and ours?"

"Exactly," I said. "My brother and I are prepared to make any personal sacrifice in order to keep the foundry working and our men employed."

Another silence. Then, "Excuse me, monsieur, but this is in complete contradiction to what you yourself gave us to understand."

"I know," I said, "but frankly I was acting without full consultation with my family. It is, you know, a family concern."

"Naturally, monsieur, and because of this we have always given you every consideration. We greatly regretted that a revision of the contract should have become necessary, and above all that you would have to close down if we could not come to terms, which unfortunately turned out to be the case. I recollect your saying that your personal feelings were not involved, and that the foundry had become a liability you could not afford."

The smooth, cool voice ran on, and I had a vision of the speaker and Jean de Gue sitting confronting each other on leather chairs, exchanging shrugs and cigarettes, the whole concern dismissed from their minds as soon as the interview was over. Here was I, a stranger, making myself ridiculous in a lost cause because I did not want a handful of workmen, and a peasant woman, and her maimed relative to despise their employer, who would not know if they did, and would not care.

"Everything you are saying is perfectly correct," I said. "What I am trying to tell you now is that I have changed my mind. I will agree to any proviso, if we can continue to keep the foundry working. Our production costs are my affair. I am asking you to renew your contract on your own terms, whatever they may be."

A more prolonged silence. Then, swiftly, "Of course, monsieur, because of our long connection with you and your family, we were upset that it should be severed, but there seemed to be no other solution. However, if you are now prepared to meet us over figures—obviously this cannot be agreed offhand over the telephone—I must again consult my fellow-directors. Then I see no reason why the ultimate result should not be satisfactory to us both?"

The query in his voice brought instant affirmation to my own. Letters were to be written, and the present contract could be renewed under different terms. We exchanged compliments, and I heard him hang up. I reached for my handkerchief—or rather Jean de Gue's—and wiped the sweat off my forehead because it was not only hot in the small space among the mackintoshes, but the effort I had made had been mentally exhausting.

I had committed myself to something without having the slightest idea of how to carry it through. If the price Carvalet paid for the glass phials did not cover the cost of running the plant and paying the wages, which it assuredly could not—otherwise why the present crisis?—then the money would have to come from another source.

It was at this moment that I heard someone breathing down the receiver, which I still held, unthinking, against my ear: the unmistakable sound of a person listening at an extension, waiting for further information. I did not do anything. I went on waiting, holding the receiver close. Presently the exchange cut in, asking if I had finished with Paris, and when I said yes, and the line went dead, I heard the breathing again, and then a gentle click, proving that whoever listened within the chateau had now hung up.

I could not be sure, but I felt there was little doubt that my conversation with Paris had been overheard. By whom? Where was the extension? I hung up and went out into the hall. The footsteps I had fancied hearing on the stairs, when my call came through, may have been imagination and anxiety mixed. At any rate no one had come down, and all was still. The breathing into the telephone had not been imagination.

I went out on to the terrace and looked up at the chateau, but I could see only the main telephone wire, entering the chateau roof at a point between tower and wall. The tall chimneys, the turrets, even the gargoyle heads hid any other signs there might be of electricity and telephone, nor was I sufficiently knowledgeable about these things to guess what lead went where.

Discovery of the extension and of the eavesdropper was a thing that must wait. I felt it more immediately important to find out something about Jean de Gue's personal finances. The half-finished cheque-book in the dressing-room upstairs, which I went to fetch, bore cryptic figures and initials but no balance, and its only worthwhile information was the name of the bank and the branch address in a neighboring town. There was no desk in the dressing-room. Somewhere in the chateau there must be a room where the owner wrote his letters and kept personal possessions. I remembered the library where the family had assembled for lunch.

I went down again to the hall, and through the dining-room to the double doors of the library, now closed once more, and entering I found it in half darkness, someone having folded the shutters of the long windows at the end as protection against the sun. I opened them, and then saw what I was looking for—a desk in the corner. It was locked.

The bunch of keys—part of Jean de Gue's personal belongings, along with his change,

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She likes Royal Fudge . . .
He likes Praline . . .

EVERYONE LIKES the delightful variety of centres in Cadbury's Milk Tray.
There's cremes and caramels, nuts and nougats, fudges and sweet fruity flavours.
And all are thickly covered with Cadbury's Dairy Milk Chocolate.
Available in ¼ lb., ½ lb. and 1 lb. boxes, also loose at your confectioners.

Cadbury's Milk Tray Chocolates

5/- ½lb.
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ALL CADBURY'S MILK TRAY CHOCOLATES ARE FOIL WRAPPED TO RETAIN THEIR FRESHNESS AND FLAVOUR.

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Worth Reporting

WHAT facilities do Australians want at their air terminals? The Department of Civil Aviation has completed the first of a series of surveys "to form a pattern for the future planning of airports."

Two members of the Department's staff — Yvonne Lee-Archer and Beverley Gilchrist — spent 10 days at Kingsford Smith Airport, Sydney, choosing people at random to ask what improvements they would suggest.

We went out to Mascot one day and listened while Yvonne and Beverley quizzed airport visitors and passengers—"How did you travel here . . . are you on business or pleasure? . . . Would you like a quick-service buffet, a cocktail lounge, a chemist, a nursery? . . ."

We've just received results of the survey.

Most of the 500 people interviewed (81.6 per cent.) wanted something to read: a news-stand or bookstall. About 67 per cent. wanted plenty of observation decks, so that they could watch the aircraft.

Eating and drinking — emphasising the saving of time and money—came next: 60.6 per cent. wanted a quick-service buffet and 60 per cent. a cocktail lounge.

The cocktail lounge was followed in preference by a chemist shop, coffee lounge, gift shop, restaurant, bank, hairdresser, flower shop, valet service, and conducted tours of the airport.

An Irishman thought Australia should adopt an idea he'd seen in Holland: a complete floor on top of the terminal for people meeting friends or just visiting the airport.

"They can lounge round with a glass of absinthe and a toothpick," said he.

"I hope this answers your question."

Memories of Bernhardt

DRESSED as a Roman soldier, crying "Voila la flotte!" ("There is the fleet!"), M. Albert Perier dashed on to the stage of Her Majesty's Theatre, Sydney, in 1891 when the great French actress Sarah Bernhardt was playing "Cleopatre."

We met M. Perier, now in his eighties, when we went to the French Consulate-General to see an exhibition of photographs, letters, and programmes that commemorated the 66th anniversary of Bernhardt's Australian visit.

White-moustached M. Perier, a glass of pink champagne in his hand, recalled the time when he did a walk-on part with the Bernhardt ensemble.

"I remember how Sarah Bernhardt made her entrance in the play," he said. "The scene was the Nile and Bernhardt reclined in a barge.

"She had dark auburn hair and wore an Egyptian gown, and the young men in Sydney rivalled one another to get walk-on parts in her company.

"The plays were in French. My father was Professor of French at Sydney University, so I was accepted and given one line to say."

M. Perier, only surviving member of the company, showed us a programme of "Cleopatre" on which his name appeared right at the bottom.

"Wrongly spelt, unfortunately," he said with a smile. "They've got me down as Perret, not Perier."

★ ★ ★

A NEW ambulance presented to the MacArthur Ambulance Station in Fairfield, N.S.W., has a boiling-water unit which draws heat from the waste exhaust heat of the engine, and can be switched on from the dashboard.

It is expected to be of great use for accident, shock, exposure, and urgent maternity cases.

Recipes for export

A COMPETITION for Australian recipes suitable for distribution in England to popularise Australian wines and foods is being conducted by Miss Nancy Gepp, who is now touring Australia.

The contest is being run by the Commonwealth Department of Trade in conjunction with the Country Women's Association.

The best recipes submitted will be compiled into a booklet and distributed among housewives in the United Kingdom.

Recipes must include some of the foodstuffs now being exported to Britain.

These include butter, cheese, eggs, wine, dried fruits, canned fruit, fresh fruit, such as apples and pears, fresh lamb and beef, and canned meats.

A prize of £50 and a trip to Melbourne will be awarded to the winner.

Entries should be sent to Miss Nancy Gepp, Department of Trade and Commerce, 83a Queen's Road, Melbourne.

Miss Gepp is well versed in the requirements of these recipes. She was senior cookery adviser for the Department of Trade in England for 18 months.

Australian hostesses might like to use some of the names she invented to intrigue her audiences. A pie made from Australian canned peaches she called Lingalonga Peach Pie, savory boats with filling made from Australian eggs and cheddar cheese she called Booyanga Nests (Booyanga is aboriginal for egg).

CLEVER fashion-note seen in Melbourne. A young business girl wearing her navy-blue school blazer which she had saddle-stitched round edges and pockets in white thread.

New version of an ancient art

WELL-KNOWN Australian artist Elaine Haxton has applied modern materials to an ancient art in her mosaics decorating the walls of a restaurant in a new department store at Parramatta, N.S.W.

Mosaics had their beginning in ancient Egypt, when minute pieces of brilliant stone or enamel were inserted for decoration in small carvings of wood, stone, or ivory.

With her modern mosaics Miss Haxton has outlined the designs on a type of wallboard, and then filled them in with hundreds of brilliantly colored sparkling plastic pellets.

In the cause of science

A SECRETARY working for the producer of the B.B.C. television programme "A Question of Science" acquires a lot of interesting knowledge, but the job has its harassing moments.

In a recent B.B.C. magazine Miss Pat McCardle, who has had this position for two years, revealed that the chief headache was obtaining the varied and often unusual "props" needed for the programme.

Even the B.B.C.'s large property store is unlikely to have items such as a lizard just beginning to grow a tail, or a human backbone with rubber joints.

"One day," Miss McCardle wrote, "our office was full of crash - helmets, tin helmets, broken glass, a pickled sheep's brain, a sheep's head, ears and all, some pigs' tails, and a human skull. In desperation we left the lot and went to tea.

"When we returned, a note on my typewriter asked, 'Who won?'"

PRICE CORRECTION

The Australian Women's Weekly wishes to apologise to readers for the publication of incorrect prices in the 'Vaseline' Wonder Foam Shampoo advertisement in the July 3 issue.

Correct prices are:

Small bottle	**3/9**
Large bottle	**5/6**
Plastic bubble	**1/3**
Giant economy size	**8/6**

'Vaseline' is a registered trademark of Chesebrough-Pond's International Ltd.

WELL?

naturally I'm well

I take ENO

says *Toni Lamond* *vivacious star of "The Pajama Game" — a J. C. Williamson production.*

How are you? Are you *always* "well" — like Toni Lamond? Or are you off-colour sometimes — perhaps through over eating . . or upset routine . . or some other reason? Eno — the sparkling health drink — will keep you feeling happier — *really* well. And Eno's prompt antacid action relieves acid indigestion . . settles upset stomach. It will gently correct irregularity . . calm sick headaches. Any time, enjoy a glass of good-tasting Eno . . feel well *all the time.*

ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' — NOW IN CONVENIENT WIDE MOUTH BOTTLE

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Continuing . . . . **The Scapegoat**

from page 31

and his wallet, and his cheque-book, and his driving licence, none of which I had found occasion to use until this moment—had been with me ever since I had worn his clothes. I tried them now, and one of them fitted. My burglar's action did not worry me; I was playing spies again, and no one was being hurt.

The opened desk revealed the usual muddle and disorder of somebody else's things, unlike my own meticulously kept papers at home, with bulging pigeon-holes, envelopes spilling their contents, letters, bills, receipts, all thrown in haphazard. The drawers, when I tried them, were no better. One half-inch open and they jammed, choked with books and documents, papers and photographs, surely the life history of the man himself and the entire family of de Gue for generations. Their persistent refusal to emerge from the dusty drawers drove me to recklessness.

I wanted bank statements and I could not find them, only the stubs of cheque-books long since used and put away. Balked in my search, like a thief who cannot find the string of pearls he is seeking, I was determined to snatch at something, anything, to appease frustrated curiosity. Finally, a red leather cover catching my eye which might be a ledger, I tugged and squeezed it out of the reluctant drawer, only to reveal a game book, with list upon list of pheasants, partridges, hares, shot long before the war.

The gap it left gave space for my wandering hands, and roaming past a revolver they found another bulky volume, smelling of mould, which showed itself to be an album full of photographs, most of them faded, stuck tightly into old-fashioned slots.

I let the bank statements go. A glimpse at the past was irresistible. The album bore a crest on the first page, a hound's head and a tree, and underneath was written "Marie de Gue" in a long sloping hand. When I turned the page there was the mother, unmistakably, a young woman in her mid-twenties, the present heavy jowl a rounded and determined chin, the shock of grey hair blond, profuse, set in waves by tongs, a frilly blouse adorning the sloping shoulders that were now hunched and covered with a multitude of wraps. Beside it was the date, 1914.

Then followed, one by one, the others: Jean de Gue, the father, suggesting Paul but with a bristling moustache, the eyes alert; the two of them together, gazing down with fond paternal pride at what must have been a much cosseted and beribboned Blanche, and then friends and relatives of an older generation, an uncle this, an aunt that, an aged grand-pere in a wheeled chair.

The dates were not always given, and often I had to guess for myself what summer it was when a small boy and a girl straddled a pony, or what winter, the dovecot shrouded in snow, the same pair posed in mufflers, their arms round each other's neck. The couple were seldom apart. Wherever one stood, holding fishing-rod or gun, the other would be lurking; and with a little shock of surprise——even, oddly, of distaste—I saw that this second hovering figure, Blanche, was as a child almost a replica of the Marie-Noel of today, with the same long legs, thin body, and close-cropped hair.

It was only later, when she must have been about fifteen, that she began to change, the oval face lengthening, the expression in the eyes becoming more watchful, more solemn; but even so I could not recognise in that grave and surely sympathetic face the tight-lipped spinster of today.

The young Jean was never solemn. Every snapshot showed laughter, or a comic attitude, or some mockery of the camera that seized him, and I thought how different they were, though our features were identical, from snapshots taken of myself as a boy, glassy-eyed and anxious. Paul did not figure much in the album. He was often out of focus, the dimmest figure in a group, or bending to tie a shoelace when the camera clicked. Even the clearest photograph of all three children in their teens, which was thrust loose in the album, showed him half-obscured by Jean's robust shou'der and eclipsed by Jean's devastating smile.

I recognised odd figures here and there in groups: the cure, slimmer, younger, yet cherubic then, and clicking back the pages to the baby days, there was surely Julie of the foundry, nursing Paul. There was one man called Maurice who appeared often in the latter pages of the album. He was among groups of the glass-foundry, and at the chateau, and there was one of him and Jean together, standing by the stone statue in the park.

ALL characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.

Then, abruptly, the snapshots ended. Three or four empty pages remained, waiting to be filled. Whether the elder Jean de Gue had died, or the war had come, or the mother had grown suddenly tired of taking snapshots, it was impossible to say. An era was over, a cycle closed.

These pictures of a past when all seemed well were disturbed by an intrusion from the present. I heard someone fumble with the double doors that led into the dining-room, and pushing the album back into the desk I turned, and there was Renee, who had no part in the faded snapshots, any more than Francoise. These two belonged to the bleak aftermath, the drabness of St. Gilles without the charm. She closed the doors behind her and stood watching me.

"I heard the car," she said, "and I thought Paul might be with you. Then I met Charlotte in the passage, and she told me you were alone. Francoise is still resting in the salon, and I guessed you would be here. Well, aren't you going to apologise for your behaviour at lunch?"

The wretched mishandling of the gifts was to be thrown up at me again. No doubt, in her judgment, I deserved it. I sighed and shrugged my shoulders.

"I've already apologised to Paul," I said. "Won't that do?"

Pent-up emotion showed in the tense body, the nervous hands, and she looked at me with an expression half-baffled, half-distraught, that was disturbing and irritating all in one, so that I felt instant sympathy for Paul, who must surely bear the brunt of all her moods.

"Why did you do it?" she said. "Isn't it difficult enough without making them suspicious, and above all hurting Paul? Or were you deliberately setting out to make a fool of me as well?"

"Listen," I said. "I had so much to drink in Le Mans that I couldn't remember what I had put in those packages. For all I knew I had brought everybody books."

"You expect me to believe that?" she asked. "There was no mistake in what you gave Francoise, was there? However much did it cost, or haven't you paid?"

Here, surely, was the worst sort of feminine spite, the grudge of a gift from husband to wife. I was glad that Francoise had the locket with the miniature, and not Renee.

"I gave Francoise something I knew she would value," I said. "If you are disappointed in your own present, it's too bad. Give it to Germaine. I don't mind in the least what you do with it."

If I had hit her I could not have moved her more. She stared at me, color flooding her face, and leaving the door she came slowly across the room to the desk, which I had now locked again, pocketing the key. Before I realised what she was about she had her arms round me, her face against mine, and I was standing stiff and wooden like a third-rate actor in a provincial play.

"What is it?" she said. "What's the matter with you? Why are you so changed? Are you afraid to make love to me?"

So that was it. Perhaps I should have guessed, but her words came as a shock and filled me with dismay. I did not want to kiss her. The clinging arms repelled, and the seeking mouth, too eager, froze response. Whatever Jean de Gue might have done in idleness was not to be practised now by his surrogate.

"Renee," I said, "someone may come in . . ."—weak, futile excuse of every cowardly lover not in immediate stress—and I backed ungallantly from this unexpected and embarrassing proximity. But even now, half hunched as I was against the desk, she followed me, her hands striving to caress, to cling, and I thought how lacking in grace and dignity is the male under assault. A woman, if she is attacked by a bully, has at least feminine frailty to lend charm.

My show of appeasement was not convincing: the clumsy pat on the shoulder, the muffled kiss in the hair, must have seemed poor fare, and I sought to keep her off by a flow of words.

"We have to be careful," I said, "and not lose our heads about this. I think Paul understands about that piece of nonsense I gave you. I made very light of it, and I can do the same to Francoise. But we mustn't go on meeting in this way. The servants might see us, and once suspicion got into their minds there would be no end to every sort of complication."

As I listened to my own voice pouring out a torrent of excuses in her ear, I realised, hopelessly, that I was actually committing myself more deeply. I was taking intrigue for granted, and letting slip in the most cowardly fashion the blessed opportunity now given me to say frankly and brutally, "I don't love you and I don't want you. That's final."

"You mean," said Renee, "that we must meet somewhere else? But how? Where are we to go?"

No tears from her. No touching demand for affection. One thing and one thing only in her mind. What Jean de Gue had doubtless started as a pastime had turned to a liability. I wondered to what extent he had been committed, and how deeply, after the first excitement, bored.

"I'll think of something," I said, "but remember what I say, we must be careful. We can't risk future happiness by stupidity now."

Jean de Gue himself could not have spoken with greater duplicity. How easy it was, after all, to be a cad. My words had calmed her, and the contact, brief as it had been, must have eased the tension and given her release. Then, to my relief, I heard the child's voice in the room beyond. Renee, with an exasperated shrug, moved from my side.

"Papa? Where are you?"

"In here. Do you want me?"

She burst into the room. Instinctively I opened my arms, wondering, as she sprang into them monkey-fashion, whether I could use her from now on as a buffer against the demands of an adult world.

"Gran'mie is awake," she said. "I have been in to see her. She wants us both to go to her room for tea. I have been telling her about the presents, and how disappointed uncle Paul was in his. And do you know, Papa, you made a mistake with the one for my aunt Blanche? She would not open it, so Maman and I unwrapped it for her, and inside was a note, 'For my beautiful Bela, from Jean,' not Blanche at all, and

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Is your hair falling OUT?

NOW IS THE TIME TO ACT! It's an unpleasant shock — the sudden discovery that your hair is falling out. It's also a timely warning that you dare not ignore if you want to keep a healthy head of hair. Act now before the condition becomes more serious.

Hair falls out because the roots are starved of their vital food. That is why you need Pure Silvikrin urgently, for it contains, in concentrated form, all the eighteen essential hair-forming substances, known as amino-acids. Pure Silvikrin massaged into the scalp thus provides the hair roots with the natural food they need to produce healthy vigorous hair. Are you suffering with loss of hair? Then start using Pure Silvikrin *today* — there is no more positive step towards lasting hair health.

SILVIKRIN Products for hair care

PURE SILVIKRIN. For use in severe cases of falling hair, dandruff, greasy scalp and for the treatment of serious hair root deficiencies. Pure Silvikrin, a highly concentrated form of *the hair's natural food.*

SILVIKRIN TONIC HAIRDRESSING. For *daily hair grooming.* Specially prepared to ensure handsome, healthy hair. Contains a measured quantity of *Pure Silvikrin* — so it is truly a *tonic* hairdressing.

Also available — Silvikrin Hair Tonic for those who prefer a non-oily dressing.

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WINTER FRIENDS

● Although winter is too severe in some places for annuals to flower, many bloom well along the coast and in favored, protected spots.

MUCH depends on soil preparation, correct sowing or planting time, seasonal conditions, the gardener's skill, and pest and disease control. Given all these, most of the plants described or listed here will flower during winter months in the Eastern States and Western Australia.

These good companions include calendulas, Iceland poppies, lupins, pansies, ageratum, alyssum, forget-me-nots, bellis perennis, cinerarias, cornflowers, gaillardia, godetia, linaria, larkspurs, nasturtium, verbena, stocks, nigella, polyanthus, primrose, primulas of many kinds, and sweetpeas.

Many of them, notably Iceland poppy, calendula, linaria, cinerarias, cornflowers, forget-me-nots, bellis perennis, sweetpeas, stocks, and most primroses and primulas, will withstand quite a hard frost.

The Iceland poppy, probably the hardiest of all the plants treated here as annuals, comes from a very cold country, as its name denotes.

It has made itself at home here, and stands up to everything the weather likes to toss at it during June, July, and August, and in very cold, windy Septembers.

Given reasonable protection, stocks, wallflowers, clarkias, larkspurs, godetias, Sweet Williams, tree lupins, dwarf and medium-height ageratum, most geraniums, even schizanthus and venidiums often bloom in warm, sandy soils along the coast of nearly all States.

There is no dark secret in getting these plants to flower during winter other than thorough preparation, a fairly early start with seed-sowing, or setting out bought seedlings on a favorable day before the season advances too far.

GARDENING

Wallflowers are mostly biennials, but are often treated as annuals and pulled out when their flowering flush is over. However, they should be started in December.

Sweet Williams, also biennials, are cranky little plants to force along to flowering stage. They usually flower best if old, leafy stands are broken up in autumn and the rooted pieces set out in well-limed soil. They bloom during late winter.

Some of these plants—for instance, linaria, nemophila, nigella—won't transplant. You should sow the seed for winter flowering, and not move the plants from one place to another.

This "direct" planting should also be practised with most annuals required for winter flowering; moving plants from seedboxes or beds to the open sets them back many weeks.

Sow the seed where the plants are to spend their lives, and thin out to the required distance, and they will be weeks ahead of those you thinned out and transplanted.

Stocks, mignonette, nemesia, ageratum, Iceland poppies, statice, calendulas (particularly the Sunshine, Chrysantha, and Pacific Beauty types) lend themselves well to direct planting; those left behind after thinning out bloom up to two months ahead of the others.

BELLIS PERENNIS (English double daisy) makes a pretty border plant. It is hardy and withstands frost, flowering in late winter and throughout spring.

Nemesia is a brilliant, tough little plant before the flower buds appear, but it suffers badly from cold winds. Seed sown in late summer or autumn will give fine rows of massed color in winter and early spring.

Nemesia comes in three jackets—Strumosa, 15in. high; Compacta, about 10in.; and Blue Gem, 9in., which makes an ideal foil for edging the beds with Compacta.

Ornamental kale, an annual vegetable used mainly for bordering flower-beds, should not be overlooked next summer and autumn. It has curiously fringed leaves, green and violet, cream and green, and coral and very pale green.

Being a member of the cabbage family, it has to be sprayed regularly with DDT emulsion to control grubs of the white butterfly.

Many snapdragons may be relied on to flower through winter in the warmer parts of N.S.W. and southern to mid-coastal Queensland. In some districts, where the soil is sandy and warm, they often flower the year round in well-protected spots.

Perennials that flower during winter are mostly members of the primula family—the English primrose and its hybrids, polyanthus (many different colors), auricula, primula malacoides (fairy primroses), and cowslips and oxlips, which are not well known, but usually obtainable in seed form.

As a rule, primroses and polyanthuses start flowering in August and continue until well into summer, when their foliage browns off and they become partly dormant.

Primulas, like malacoides, obtainable in a wide range of mauve, violet, puce, carmine, crimson, and white, need partial shade or their colors fade when the blooms open.

Many other plants, including perennials, such as purple salvia, red salvia, violets, multiflora, and Spencer-waved sweetpeas, the highly fragrant cheiranthus allioni (perennial wallflower), the bright red verbena, many marguerites and pyrethrums, and achilleas, will flower throughout winter if given a warm spot safe from wind and frost.

Well-advanced plants can still be set out with reasonable expectation of flowers appearing before winter wanes. Forget-me-nots (myosotis) make excellent companions for primroses and yellow polyanthus.

CALENDULAS (modern strains), good winter flowerers, which are hybrids of the old English pot marigold.

more Golden Circle cookery wisdom

Lure those 'man' eaters with Pineapple Promise!

Enjoy

ENJOY LAMB CHOPS HAWAIIAN STYLE

½ cup Golden Circle Crisp-Cut Crushed Pineapple, 6 thick short loin chops, ½ cup white breadcrumbs, ½ cup chopped tomato pulp, 1 teaspoon brown sugar, 1 dessertspoon butter or margarine, ½ teaspoon salt, pepper.

Twist chops into good shape. Secure with cocktail sticks. Brown on both sides in a little dripping. Place in flat oven-proof dish. Mix the crumbs, drained pineapple, tomato, sugar and butter. Divide in 6 portions and press one on each chop. Cover and bake in moderate oven for 20 minutes. Remove lid, add small pieces bacon rasher and cook another 10 minutes. Arrange on hot plate garnished with parsley and lemon slices. Add stuffed tomatoes and green peas and serve.

Always on time for dinner is the man eater you win with the sight and scent of a meat dish plus pineapple. Next time you want to show him he's lucky he married you, serve his meat tropical style—with the nostalgic, sharp sweetness of tropical pineapple canned at its choicest in its own sun-coloured juice. It takes only minutes to give your sweet and savoury dishes the Hayman Island touch, when you keep Golden Circle's handy-size cans of sun-ripened, Crisp-Cut, Crushed Pineapple. Have extra cans on your pantry shelf for unexpected entertaining!

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it was an enormous bottle of scent called 'Femme,' in a lovely box wrapped in cellophane, and the price upon it still, ten thousand francs."

As we went upstairs together hand in hand, Marie-Noel said to me, "It's a funny thing, but everybody seems to be in a bad mood about those presents. Maman was so pleased with hers this morning, and then after lunch she took it off and put it with the rest of the things in her jewel-case. As for aunt Renee, she scarcely looked at hers, and just now, when I told you about the mistake with Aunt Blanche's present, I thought she was going to hit us both. Who is Bela, Papa?"

I was thankful I did not know. It saved further complications. Yet Jean de Gue might have had the foresight to scribble more than the initial B.

"Someone," I said, "who likes expensive scent."

"Does Maman know her?"

"I doubt it."

"I doubt it, too. When I asked her she crumpled up the note and said it must have been some business friend in Paris who had asked you to dinner, and the scent was a return of politeness."

"Possibly," I said.

"The trouble is, you know, your memory's getting worse. Fancy making such a muddle and giving it to Aunt Blanche instead. I knew there was something wrong. Why, you haven't given her anything as long as I can remember. I've never quite understood why — grown-up people behave in the strangest way. But even I can see there is not much point in giving Aunt Blanche a present when she hasn't spoken to you for fifteen years."

Fifteen years . . . This sudden piece of information, dropped in so casual a fashion, made me pause half-way up the stairs to stare at the child, forgetting my role, and she tugged at me impatiently. "Come on," she said. I followed silently, profoundly shaken. What I had taken to be temporary disapproval was so deep-rooted that it must affect the relationship of the entire family. The casual love affair with Renee, if it could be called that, was nothing in comparison. No wonder the giving of a present had been out of character.

The revelation was disturbing, even sinister, especially when I remembered the snapshots of the two children with their arms about each other. Something personal and bitter had come between Blanche and Jean de Gue, yet it was accepted by all, even by the child.

"Here we are," said Marie-Noel, throwing open the door of the vast bedroom, and once again, as on the evening before, a wave of heat engulfed me from the stove. The small terriers, absent earlier in the day, were back again. They leapt from the bed, barking shrilly and refusing to be quietened by the scoldings and patting of the child.

"It's fantastic," said Marie-Noel. "The dogs in this place have all gone off their heads. Cesar was the same this morning, barking at Papa."

"Charlotte," said the comtesse, "did you take Jou-Jou and Fifi for their walk or were you gossiping below all the afternoon?"

"Naturally I took them, Madame la Comtesse," said Charlotte, at once pricked to self-defence. "They came with me up and down the park for nearly an hour. Am I likely to neglect them?"

She darted a look at me, as though I had been the one to accuse her, and I thought how unfavorably she compared with the honest, stalwart Julie of the foundry, the small, beady eyes, the narrow frame, even the niggardly way she poured out the tea, suggesting something crabbed and sour.

"Go on, get out," commanded the comtesse angrily. "The child will look after us." Staring up at me from her bunch of bolster and pillow, the face still grey and flabby, deep shadows beneath her eyes, she put out her hand and pulled me down beside her. As I kissed the sagging cheek I thought how odd it was that this filial embrace, which should have been repellent, was somehow comforting, while the brush with the handsome Renee had been distasteful, crude.

"Mon Dieu," she whispered, "how the little one made me laugh!" Then, pushing me away, she said aloud, "Sit down and drink your tea. What have you been doing all day besides getting your parcels mixed up?"

Once again I was at ease with her; I could talk, I could laugh, she conjured a gaiety out of me I did not know was there. We made a trio perfectly at ease with one another, the comtesse, the child, and I, the comtesse slopping her tea into a saucer and sipping it in gulps, the last drop lapped by the begging dogs, while the child, enthroned as pourer-out, picked fastidiously at toast, her eyes upon us.

I told of my visit to the foundry, speaking with greater confidence now that my furtive call to Paris had produced, or might produce, a temporary solution, and the comtesse, without prompting, enlarged upon past glories as old people will, to my secret interest and the child's delight.

She told us of the days when glass was blown by hand, and how in olden days, a century ago, there had been a hundred and sixty horses working, and women and children. The names of the workmen and their families were all written down somewhere in a book, in the library, perhaps, she did not remember.

"Oh, well," she said, "that's all over. No more of that. The old days can never come back."

I was reminded of Julie, who had shown the same acceptance of change, the same dismissal of things that were finished, but when I told her about my visit to the cottage, and the poor burnt Andre lying in bed, she shrugged her shoulders, grown suddenly callous.

"Oh, those people," she said. "They'll squeeze the last franc out of us if they can. I wonder how much Julie has got out of me in her time. As for her son, he's always been a good-for-nothing. I don't blame the wife for running off with a mechanic in Le 'Mans."

"That cottage is in a shocking state of repair," I said.

"Don't do anything about it," she answered. "Once you begin, they'll ask for something else. We're beggared enough without bothering about them. And likely to remain so, unless Francoise produces a son, or . . ." She stopped, and although I did not understand

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her words, a certain tone in her voice and the sidelong glance she gave me were somehow acutely disconcerting. After a moment she went on, "These days people must fend for themselves. And what are they grumbling at? They have no rent to pay."

"Julie didn't grumble," I said. "She asked for nothing."

"I should hope not. She's got a nice sum, no doubt, tucked away under a floor-board. I wish I had as much."

Her attitude troubled me. I felt disenchanted. Julie, who had seemed so honest and so loyal, was now shown as grasping, and the comtesse, a moment ago laughing and generous, was suddenly heartless, lacking perception. The wave of sympathy which I felt for both, instinctive, sincere, was somehow dulled, and puzzling this, while Marie-Noel poured me out another cup of tea, I realised that it was not the comtesse who lacked perception, but myself. I was a sentimentalist. I wanted people to be kinder, more generous, than they were.

MARIE-NOEL broke suddenly into the conversation. "It was very curious when Maman and I opened that present in front of my Aunt Blanche. Maman said, 'Don't be so obstinate, Blanche, it can't kill you, and if Jean has brought you something it must mean he has some feeling, surely, and wants to tell you so in this way.' And my Aunt Blanche looked down, and after ages she said, 'You open it, then. I don't mind—it's nothing to me.' But I am sure she was curious, too, because she put her lips in a way she has sometimes.

"So we opened the parcel, and when Maman saw the great big bottle of scent she said, 'Good heavens, why ever this?' and my Aunt Blanche had to look then, and do you know she went dead white, and she got straight up and went out of the room. I said to Maman, 'It's not medicine, like Uncle Paul's present. Why should she mind?' and Maman said, in a funny sort of way, 'I'm afraid it must have been a joke after all, and rather cruel.' Then of course we found the note to the other person, Bela, and Maman said, 'No, it isn't a joke, it's a mistake. This is for someone else.' But I still don't see why either of them should have thought it cruel."

Her words seemed to make a hole in the silence. Waves of nothing hung about the air. In a curious way the child and I were together. My ignorance, and her innocence, made us one. The mother stared at me, and there was something in her eyes I could not read. It was neither condemnation nor reproach, yet there was speculation: a kind of wondering search that touched a chord, suggesting, though I know it could not be, that some inner sense of hers had pricked my identity, uncovered my secret, knew me for a fraud. Yet when she spoke her words were for the child.

"You know, little one," she said, "the ways of women are very mysterious, especially one who is religious like your aunt. Remember that, and don't turn into a fanatic like her."

She looked suddenly tired and old. Hilarity was spent.

"Come on," I said to Marie-Noel, "le'ts put the tea-table out of the way."

We moved it back against the wall, beside the dressing-table, on which I caught a glimpse of a large tinted photograph of Jean de Gue in uniform prominent amongst the silver brushes. Some intuition made me glance at the bed. The mother was gazing at it, too, the same odd look of speculation on her face. When our eyes met we dropped them simultaneously. At that moment Charlotte came into the room, followed by the cure. The child went to him and curtsied.

"Good evening, Monsieur le Cure," she said. "Papa has given me a life of the Little Flower. Shall I fetch it for you to see?"

The old man patted her head. "Later, my child, later," he said. "When I come down you shall show it to me." He advanced to the foot of the bed and stood with hands clasped over his rounded belly, looking down at the grey, exhausted face of the comtesse.

"Well," he said, "so we are not so bright today? Too much excitement yesterday, perhaps, followed by a wakeful night and bad dreams. St. Augustine has something to say about that. He suffered, too."

He drew a book from the folds of his cassock, and I saw the comtesse, with a supreme effort, force her wandering attention to his words. She motioned to the chair I had just left, and the cure, spreading his skirts, sat down. At the far end of the room Charlotte also composed herself to listen, hands folded, head bowed.

"May I stay?" whispered Marie-Noel, her eyes shining with excitement as though she was asking permission to watch some spectacle. When I nodded, uncertain what was expected of me, she fetched the stool from the dressing-table and planted it close to the cure. Then, like a child actress living her role, she changed her expression of bustling preparation to one of rapture, eyes closed, hands clasped, lips moving silently in response to the old man's prayers.

I glanced at the comtesse. Courtesy and training kept her propped against her pillows, but weariness caused the massive head to droop, ever so slightly, to the chest, and the flickering eyelids were symptoms, not so much of reverence as of intolerable fatigue.

I left the room and went downstairs and out into the park, wandering in those paths beyond the stone Artemis, now grey and solemn in the falling light. The chateau, which had seemed a jewel in sunlight, was more forbidding at the approach of dusk. The roof and turrets that had blended against blue took on a sharpened tone against the changing sky.

Someone was going round the chateau, closing the shutters and folding the long windows one by one, and the shutting out of night was like withdrawal into privacy.

The second evening of my masquerade took shape and substance like a second night at school. I was familiar now with my surroundings. The blank astonishment had gone. My audacity, an intoxicating drug the night before, seemed natural, and when I opened the door, or went into a room, or came face to face with one of the family I no longer felt a shock of surprise.

I recognised sounds, smells, voices; knew which chair was whose; heard bells without inwardly flinching; washed my hands and was not amazed at the action; changed my coat and shoes for dinner with the same herd-instinct as a new boy does.

Dinner was a silent affair. We were only four. Marie-Noel, I discovered, had soup and biscuits at seven and did not join us, while Blanche, according to Gaston, wished to fast. She was in her room, he said, and would not be coming down again this evening.

Conversation languished. Francoise, the prop at lunch, looked tired, and with flagging interest touched upon little topics to stir the silence: illness in the village, the cure's evening visit, a letter from a cousin in Orleans, troubles in Algiers, a train-crash north of Lyons. The dullness of it soothed me. Her voice, when the complaint was out of it, was clear and pleasant.

Renee, wearing a high-necked blouse that became her well, with hair again brushed up to show her ears, had put a spot of rouge on either cheek-bone, whether to dazzle me with her charm, or wound me with her wit, or make me jealous with sudden bright chat to Paul I did not know. The scheme, if scheme there was, failed. I was unmoved, and Paul did not notice what she was about. He concentrated upon his food, which he ate noisily, grunting replies between mouthfuls, seldom raising his eyes from his plate; and directly dinner was over he moved to a chair under the best light in the salon, and, lighting a cigar, was hidden to view by the wide-open sheets of "Figaro" and "L'Ouest-France."

Marie-Noel came down in a dressing-gown, and she, Francoise, and I—Renee was on the sofa with a book whose pages she never turned — played draughts and dominoes, a peaceful family trio who must have done the same before, night after night, time without number, until nine o'clock struck and Francoise, yawning with fatigue, said, "Well now, bedtime, cherie." The child, without demur, got up, tidied away the draughts and put them in a drawer, kissed her uncle and her aunt and her mother, and taking my hand said, "Come on, Papa."

This, I supposed, was the nightly routine, and we marched upstairs to the nursery-bedroom in the turret.

"Sit down," the child commanded, and then, taking off her dressing-gown, hesitated a moment before, as I thought, going to her makeshift prie-dieu to say her prayers.

"Would you like to watch me mortify the flesh?" she said.

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"I sinned, you know, in saying I would kill myself last night," she said. "I told my Aunt Blanche, who said it was very wrong. It's too soon to make my confession, so I've decided to give myself a penance to fit the crime." She slipped off her nightgown, and stood thin and bony before me. "The spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak," she said.

She went to the untidy bookcase, and, rummaging a moment, fetched out a small leather dog-whip with a knotted end. She shut her eyes and then, before I realised what she was about, lashed herself swiftly across her back and shoulders. There was no feint about it. She jumped involuntarily, drawing in her breath with pain.

"Stop it," I said, and, getting up, tore the whip out of her hand.

"You do it," she said, "you whip me instead."

She watched me, bright-eyed, and I picked up the nightgown she had thrown on the floor.

"Put it on," I said curtly, "and hurry up. And then say your prayers and get into bed."

She obeyed, and the prompt response, the eager willingness to do what I told her, was somehow worse than if she had

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Fashion FROCKS

• Ready to wear or cut out ready to make.

"CHERYL". — Smart between-season pinafore-dress is made in whirlaway wool-angora. The color choice includes mocha, mushroom, blossom-pink, forget-me-not blue, and maroon.
Ready To Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust £4/19/6, 36 and 38in. bust £5/3/6. Postage and registration 4/6 extra.
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"KRISTINE". — American-style blouse featuring winged collar and matching cuffs is made in sanforised poplin. The color choice includes white, lipstick, ming-blue, red, bolero-blue, coral, and pale pink.
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• *Note: If ordering by mail, send to address on page 53. Fashion Frocks may be inspected or obtained at Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney. They are available for only six weeks after date of publication.*

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shown defiance. She was excited, tense, beneath the dutiful facade, and although I knew nothing about children, knew nothing of their games, the excitement seemed to be wrong, unnatural.

The prayers at the prie-dieu were interminable. She did not say them aloud, so I could not tell if this was pretence or not, but presently she crossed herself and rose, and with a subdued expression climbed into her narrow bed.

"Goodnight," I said, and bent to kiss her, but whether the cool, tight face upturned to me was intended as further punishment for herself or for me it was impossible to tell. I went out and shut the door, and glancing down at the worn, knotted whip, turned left, after passing through the baize door at the bottom of the turret stairs, and went on sudden impulse to the room in the tower at the far end of the first corridor. I tried the handle. It was locked. I knocked on the door.

"Who is there?" said Blanche.

I did not answer. When I knocked again I heard footsteps and the sound of a key being turned in the lock, and then the door opened and Blanche stood there in a dressing-gown, her hair released from the screwed knot and hanging straight about her face, and giving her, in an instant, that same childish look of Marie-Noel upstairs. The expression in her eyes, incredulous, alarmed, defeated my purpose. The feud between her and her brother was not my affair. She could, at least, be warned about the child. I thrust the whip into her hands.

"Keep this," I said, "or throw it away. Marie-Noel was trying to use it on herself. I suggest you tell her that scourging drives the devil in, not out."

The expression in her eyes turned to hatred so intense that I stared fascinated, almost hypnotised, by the sudden savagery in that pale, impassive face. And then, before I could say anything more, she had flung herself against the door and locked it, leaving me in the corridor outside, having done no good, perhaps having antagonised her even further. I walked slowly back along the corridor, shocked, dismayed, haunted by the thought of those eyes, so venomous and unforgiving, that surely must once have been wide and full of trust.

As I came to the head of the stair, wondering which way to turn and what was the procedure now, I met the three of them coming up the stairs to bed, one behind the other: Francoise heavy, leaden-eyed, and pale; Renee, the spot of color on her cheek still vivid, the high-necked blouse emphasising the high-dressed hair; and Paul, his hand on the light-switch, yawning.

They looked up at me, the three faces caught in the feeble jet of light, and because I was not one of them as they believed, but was outside, a stranger, peering down into their world, it was as though all three of them were naked, without masks. I caught the anguish of Francoise, uplifted on a breath and instantly cast down again in disillusion, with only endurance to sustain her after the one magic moment; Renee triumphant because she believed her body to be beautiful, flaunting desire so that it might be given her again, forever returning, forever unfulfilled; while Paul, bewildered, tired, and envious, wondered what miracle might be achieved, or what oblivion.

We bade one another goodnight, pairing off like couples at a set of lancers. As I followed Francoise along the corridor I wondered, dispassionately, how I should have felt had it been otherwise, had Renee been the wife of Jean de Gue. Were attraction and revulsion so near in kind that forced proximity could bridge the gulf between them and make them one?

I was spared further speculation because I found that an alteration had taken place in the dressing-room. There was now a bed in the room, a camp-bed, with bolster, sheets, and blankets. Oddly, my first instinct was not relief but guilt. What had happened? What was the matter? Then, going to the chest-of-drawers, I saw standing on it the huge bottle of scent, with the glaring motif "Femme." It was untouched.

I thought a moment, and

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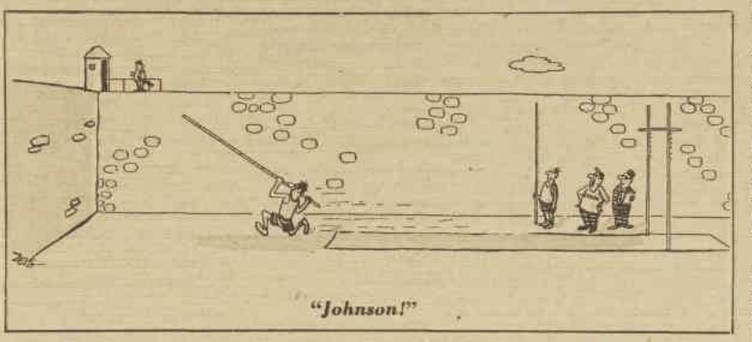
thought that this was my second night under the chateau roof and that forty-eight hours or more had passed since I came to St. Gilles, I knew that everything I had said or done had implicated me further, driven me deeper, bound me more closely still to that man whose body was not my body, whose mind was not my mind, whose thoughts and actions were a world apart, and yet whose inner substance was part of my nature, part of my secret self.

. . . . . .

When I awoke the next morning I knew there was



"Johnson!"

then passed through the bathroom to the bedroom. Francoise was sitting by her dressing-table, pinning her hair.

"Do you want me to sleep in the dressing-room?" I asked.

"Wouldn't you prefer it?" she said.

"I don't mind one way or the other," I answered.

"That's what I thought."

She went on pinning her hair. This, I thought, is one of those issues in married life making for reconciliation or tears or interminable argument, and it would not have happened but for the bottle of "Femme" with the initial B so carelessly scribbled upon it. We had both of us bungled, her husband and myself, and because I believed he would have responded with silence, that was the course I chose, too.

"Very well," I said, "I'll sleep in the dressing-room."

I went back into the bathroom and began to run the water, and as I cleaned my teeth, remembering which was my toothbrush and which my glass, it was once again like those scarce - remembered, queerly familiar second nights at school. The bathroom fittings were no longer strange, the running water came with a sound that was not the home sound, yet was now part of a settled scheme; and when Francoise brushed past me to fetch a pot of cream, neither of us talking, she might have been some dormitory companion of a bygone era from whom I was temporarily estranged.

I felt it neither incongruous nor strange to be in vest and pants while she was in a trailing wrapper. I had become part of the bathroom background, and so had she. Only the silence was out of key, and when, in pyjamas and dressing-gown, I went to say goodnight and found her reading, and she turned to me a pale, indifferent cheek, with none of last night's anguish and none of last night's tears, I felt again not so much relief as guilt—guilt that the sins of Jean de Gue had been increased tenfold by his scapegoat.

I went back to the dressing-room and opened the window. Tonight the chestnut trees were still, and there was no clarity, no stars, and no lone figure, either, in the turret-room above. As I climbed into the camp-bed and lit a cigarette, with the

other attack of migraine. The last thing I wanted was another tete-a-tete with her, but there seemed no possibility of excuse.

"Does Madame Paul know I'm leaving at ten o'clock?" I said.

"Yes, Monsieur, she has fixed her appointment for half-past."

I wondered if it was a deliberate scheme for my company. I told Germaine that of course I would take Madame Paul to the coiffeur, and then, with a sudden inspiration, something I had to do. Something urgent. Then I remembered the telephone conversation with Carvalet, and how I had committed myself, or rather the foundry of St. Gilles, to continued production on their terms, without the remotest knowledge of the family resources. All I possessed was Jean de Gue's cheque-book, and the name and address of his bank in Villars. Somehow I had to get to the bank and talk to the manager, inventing some excuse for my ignorance. He would surely be able to give me a rough idea of the financial situation.

I got up and bathed and dressed while Francoise was still breakfasting in her room, and while I drank my coffee in the dressing-room I tried to visualise in my mind's eye the lay-out of the Michelin map and the road along which we had come from Le Mans. Somewhere along that road, surely not more than fifteen kilometres or so from St. Gilles, was Villars.

I remembered noticing the name when I looked up my original course north-west from Le Mans to Mortagne and la Grande-Trappe. I no longer had my maps, but the town should be easy enough to find. When Gaston came into the dressing-room to brush my clothes I told him I was going into Villars, to the bank, and I wanted the car.

"At what time?" asked Gaston, "does Monsieur le Comte wish to go into Villars?"

"Any time," I said. "Ten, half-past."

"Then I will have the Renault outside at ten o'clock," he said. "Monsieur Paul can take the Citroen to the foundry."

I had forgotten there was a second car. This would simplify matters. There would be no questions from Paul, no suggestion of coming with me to the bank, which I had feared. I was reckoning, though, without the complications of family shopping. Gaston, naturally enough, must have passed round word of my intention, for I was putting change into my pockets, and was about to go downstairs, when the little femme de chambre knocked at the door.

"Excuse me, Monsieur le Comte," she said, "but Madame Paul asked if she may go with you into Villars. She has an appointment with the coiffeur."

I wished Madame Paul an-

passed through the bathroom to the bedroom, where I found Francoise sitting up in bed.

"I'm going into Villars," I said. "Do you want to come?"

Then I remembered that surely every husband kisses his wife good morning, even if he has been banished from her side the night before, and I went up to the bed, and kissed her, and asked her how she had slept.

"I was restless," she said. "It was as well for you that you had the camp-bed next door. No, I can't come into Villars. I shall stay in bed. I'm expecting Dr. Lebrun some time this morning. Why must you go? I had hoped you would see him."

"I have to go to the bank," I said.

"Gaston could go for you," she said, "if you want some money."

"It isn't that. I've got business to discuss."

"I believe Monsieur Peguy is still away ill," she said. "I don't know who is doing his work. The senior clerk, I suppose. He won't be much use."

"It doesn't matter."

"We ought to make up our minds finally, you know, whether I should go to Le Mans for the baby or have it here."

The plaintive note had come back into her voice, the aggrieved tone of one who feels herself neglected.

"What do you want to do?" I asked.

She shrugged her shoulders, apathetic, resigned. "I want you to make the decisions," she said. "I'd like to feel the whole nightmare lifted from me, and that I don't have to worry any more."

I looked away from the accusing eyes. "Surely Dr. Lebrun is the right person to take charge of all this?" I said. "We have to go on his advice. Ask his opinion when he comes this morning."

Even as I spoke I knew that I was wrong. It wasn't what she meant. She needed reassurance, and felt herself to be alone. I wanted, desperately, to say, "Look, I'm not your husband. I can't tell you what to do . . ." so that the burden of guilt would lift from me. Instead, as a sop, an attempt to ease my conscience, I added, "I won't be long. I'll probably be back before he's gone."

She did not answer. Germaine came in to take away the breakfast tray, and behind her Marie-Noel, who having kissed us in turn, and bidden us both good morning, immediately demanded to be taken into Villars, too.

Here was the perfect counter-plot to Renee: I wondered I had not thought of it myself. When I said that she might come the child watched me with dancing eyes, wriggling impatiently while her mother brushed her hair.

"It's market-day," said Francoise. "You are not to go pushing in those crowds or you'll catch something. Fleas, if nothing worse. Jean, don't let her go wandering in the market."

"I'll look after her," I said, "and, anyway, Renee is coming, too."

"Renee? Whatever for?"

"My Aunt Renee has an appointment at the coiffeur," said Marie-Noel. "As soon as she heard Papa was going into Villars, she came along to Aunt Blanche's room to telephone."

"Ridiculous," said Francoise. "She washed her hair only four or five days ago."

I heard the child say something about Aunt Renee wanting to look nice for the shooting-party, but I did not listen. I fastened on to a single flash of information, which was that the telephone extension was in Blanche's room. Blanche, then, had lifted the receiver and listened when I spoke to Paris. If not Blanche, who else? And how much had been heard?"

"I'll try to keep Dr. Lebrun until you come back," said Francoise, "but you know how he is; he never can stay long."

"What's he coming for?" asked Marie-Noel. "What's he going to do?"

"He's going to listen to baby brother," said Francoise.

"Suppose he doesn't hear anything—will it mean he's dead?"

"No, of course not. Don't be so silly. Run along now."

The child looked from one to the other of us, anxious, expectant, and then, for no apparent reason, suddenly turned a cartwheel.

"Gaston says I have very strong limbs," she said. "He says most girls can't stand on their hands at all."

"Look out . . ." warned Francoise, but it was too late. The flying feet overbalanced and crashed upon the little table near the fireplace, scattering a porcelain cat and dog on to the hearth, smashing them irrevocably. There was a moment's silence. The child picked herself up, scarlet in the face, and looked at her mother, who sat up in bed gazing at the disaster, stunned.

"My cat and dog," she said, "my favorite pieces. The two my mother gave me that I brought from home." I thought for a moment that the shock of this sudden accident would be too great for her to feel anger, but a tumult of feeling must have swept over her on that instant, breaking all control, and the bitterness of months, perhaps of years, surged to the surface.

"You little beast," she said to the child, "with your horrible, clumsy feet, smashing the only things I possess and value in this house. Why doesn't your father teach you discipline and manners instead of filling your head with all this nonsense about saints and visions? You wait until you have a brother, then he'll get the petting and the spoiling and you'll take second place, and a good thing it will be for you and for everybody else. Now leave me, both of you. I don't want either of you, leave me alone, for God's sake . . ."

The child, her face drained of color, ran from the room. I went over to the bed.

"Francoise . . ." I began, but she pushed me away, her eyes tormented.

"No," she said. "No . . . no . . . no . . ." She flung herself back on her pillows, burying herself against them, and

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SWEET and SOUR

● Contributions are invited for our Sweet and Sour Contest, in which each week we award £2/2/- for The Nicest Compliment and The Best Backhander. Here are this week's winners.

THE NICEST COMPLIMENT

MY name is Rosemary, but most people shorten it to Rose.

I am quite plain, and for a long time I wore my hair dragged back in a most unbecoming pony-tail. Then I had it cut short without telling any of my friends. At school the next day everyone said how much nicer it looked.

One girl-friend said: "I do like your hair like that. It suits your name. You look just like a little rose now."

£2/2/- awarded to Miss Rosemary Robinson, 18 Barker St., Pascoe Vale, Vic.

THE BEST BACKHANDER

IT was speech night at the college and I, after teaching all day, had returned in evening attire.

Seated in front of me were two of my small pupils whom I scarcely recognised in their white party frocks. As they turned round I smiled and wished them good evening. They returned the greeting politely, then, all of a sudden, one swung round, gave a second glance, and burst out excitedly:

"Oh, Mrs. Penna, I didn't know it was you. I thought it was a lady!"

£2/2/- awarded to Mrs. Ruby A. Penna, 70 MacMillan St., Victoria Park, W.A.

Send your entries to "The Nicest Compliment" or "The Best Backhander," The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4827659

in a futile endeavor to be useful, to do something constructive, however late, I picked up the fragments of the porcelain animals and carried them into the dressing-room, so that her eyes should not fall upon them when she looked again. Mechanically I wrapped them in the cellophane and paper that had served for the great bottle of scent still standing on the chest of drawers.

There was no sign of Marie-Noel, and remembering the night before, and the whip, and —even worse—the threat of the open window, I went out of the dressing-room and up the back stairs to the turret room, running three steps at a time in sudden fear. But when I came to the room I saw with relief that the window was closed, and that she was undressing, folding her clothes neatly on a chair.

"What are you doing?' I asked.

"I've been naughty," she said. "Don't I have to go to bed?"

Suddenly I saw the adult world through her eyes, the strength of it, the absence of logic and understanding, so that the calm undressing at a quarter to ten, when she had only been up perhaps an hour, and the sun was streaming into her room, became things accepted without question because this was how a grown-up person punished.

"I don't think so," I said. "I don't think it would do much good. And, anyway, you were not naughty. It was bad luck."

"But I can't come to Villars now, can I?" she asked.

"Why not?"

She look bewildered. "It's a treat," she said. "A person can't have a treat when they've broken something valuable."

"You didn't intend to break the figures," I said. "That's the difference. The thing to do is to try and have them mended. Perhaps we could find a shop in Villars."

She shook her head in doubt. "I don't think there is one."

"We'll see," I said.

"I shouldn't have overbalanced but for my hands," she said. "I had them too near the table, and my wrists went weak. I've done it heaps of times before out in the park.

"You chose the wrong place, that's all," I said.

"Yes."

Her eyes searched mine as though in hungry confirmation of some unspoken thought, but I had nothing more to tell her and nothing more to say.

"Shall I put on my dress again?" she asked.

"Yes. Then come downstairs. It's nearly ten o'clock."

I went down to the dressing-room and picked up the broken pieces in their wrapping paper. Downstairs the car was ready waiting, and Renee was standing in the hall.

"I hope I haven't kept you waiting," she said.

There was a world of anticipation in her voice, and of confidence, too, as she walked past me on to the terrace and down the steps; and the very way she moved, and then called good morning to Gaston standing by, with a glance above her at the warm, bright sky, betrayed excitement and avidity. The scene was set, this was to be her day. Then the child came running across the terrace after us. She wore white cotton gloves, and a white plastic handbag dangled from her wrist on a chain.

"I'm coming with you, Aunt Renee," she said, "but it's not a treat. I have some rather serious shopping to do."

I had never seen expression alter so swiftly from assurance to dismay.

"But who said you could come?" exclaimed Renee. "Why aren't you doing your lessons?"

I caught Gaston's eye, and the understanding that I glimpsed, the appreciation of

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the situation, was so superb that I wanted to wring his hand.

"It suits Aunt Blanche better when we do lessons in the afternoon," said Marie-Noel, "and Papa is glad of my company, aren't you, Papa? May I get in front? I shall be sick if I sit in the back."

For a moment I thought Renee was going to return to the chateau, the frustration was so shattering, so complete. Then she pulled herself together, and without looking at me climbed in behind.

I need not have worried about the road to Villars. The truth, as usual, proved an easy way out of difficulty.

"We will pretend," I said to Marie-Noel, "that I'm a stranger and don't know the way, and that you have to direct me."

"Oh, yes," she said, "what a good idea."

It was as simple as that.

As we drove out of St. Gilles, and along the side-roads through the shimmering countryside, golden-green under the October sky, I thought how easily and happily children lend themselves to fantasy, and that life for them is only bearable because of this facility for self-deception, for seeing things other than they are. If I could have told Marie-Noel the truth about myself without destroying her faith in Jean de Gue, with what passionate intensity she would have given herself to complicity, and what a wizard's aide she would have been, the genie to Aladdin's lamp.

Soon we were out of the magic of field and farm and forest, of sandy by-ways and falling poplar, and back on the hard, straight route nationale and so to Villars, the child announcing in a sing-song chant each turn I had to take, while behind us our passenger kept silence—except once, when I braked swiftly before a suddenly slowing vehicle in front, and the smothered "Ach!" of shock and exasperation, as the jolt shot her forward, betrayed the mood within.

"We'll drop Aunt Renee at the coiffeur and put the car in the Place de la Republique afterwards," said Marie-Noel.

I stopped in front of the small establishment with the waxen lady's head in the window all crimped and curled like a sheep ready for shearing, and opened the door for Renee, who got out without a word.

"What time will you be ready?" I asked, but she did not answer. She went straight into the shop with never a backward glance.

"She seemed in a bad mood," said Marie-Noel. "I wonder why."

"Never mind about her," I said, "go on directing me. Don't forget I'm a stranger here."

The absence of Renee put an end to restraint, and my mood, like the child's, turned festive. We found parking space beside a line of lorries, and, heedless of the warnings about fleas, plunged into the market in the Place beside the church.

Nothing was on a grand scale, as it had been in Le Mans. Here were no beasts, no cattle, but trestle tables crammed together in a small space, spilling over with aprons, jackets, mackintoshes, sabots; and the child and I moved leisurely between them, our eyes caught foolishly by the same objects—by spotted handkerchiefs, scarves, a china jug shaped to a cock's head, pink rubber balls, chunky colored pencils, red one end and blue the other.

We bought some grey-and-white checked slippers for Germaine, and then, distracted by a rival firm which was offering the same thing in a lively green, shamelessly took our custom to them; and hardly were the slippers wrapped and paid for than desire seized us both for yellow bootlaces, both for ourselves and for Gaston, and two sponges on a string, and finally a great hunk of milk-white soap, a mermaid riding a dolphin embossed upon its surface.

We turned in the crowded alley, laden with our wares, and I saw we were being watched with intense amusement by a blond woman in a bright blue coat, her own arms full of flowers, and she said over the child's head, and as though to the stallkeeper beside her, "It must be true, then, that they are closing down the glass-foundry at St. Gilles and turning it into a shop." And as she brushed past us, going in the opposite direction towards the church, she murmured for my ear alone, "The family man for a change?"

I looked back at the blue coat swinging down the alley, amused, intrigued, and then Marie-Noel, pulling at me, said, "Oh, Papa, there's a little lace cloth. Come quickly—it's just what I want for my prie-dieu." And we were involved in purchases once more as she darted from stall to stall, and I, indulgent, lazy in the warmth of the sun, forgot all about my purpose in coming to Villars, until the church clock boomed half-past eleven and I thought, aghast, of the bank closing at twelve, and nothing achieved.

"I've been wanting to meet you."

"Come on, hurry," I said, and we went and spilt our purchases in the car. While she was arranging them on the back seat I glanced once again at the cheque-book to memorise the address of the bank

"Papa," said the child, "we haven't seen about mending the broken porcelain for Maman," and, looking at her, I saw anxiety in her face, the happiness gone.

"That's all right," I told her, "we'll do it later. The bank is more important."

"But the shops will be shut," she urged.

"That can't be helped," I said. "We'll have to risk it."

"I wonder if they mend porcelain in that place by the Porte de Ville," she said. "You know, where they have candlesticks."

"I don't know," I said, "I shouldn't think so. Look, will you sit and wait for me here in the car? It will be very dull in the bank."

"I don't mind. I'd rather come."

I was not sure I wanted her sharp ears overhearing all I said.

"Listen," I answered, "I may be some time. And there will be a lot of talk. It is much better for you to stay here or go and wait with Aunt Renee."

"Oh, no," she said, "that's much worse than the bank. Oh, Papa, couldn't I go to the shop by the Porte de Ville and see if they would mend the porcelain, and then come and meet you at the bank?"

She stared up at me expectantly, delighted with this solution. I hesitated.

"Where is it?" I said. "I've forgotten. What about traffic?"

"Just inside the Porte de Ville," she said impatiently. "There's never any traffic. You know, next to the umbrella shop. And then I'll come back past the church and straight to the bank. It's barely four minutes."

I looked up and down the avenue where we had parked the car. The flamboyant Gothic spire of the great church topped the trees. Wherever she meant to go could not be any distance.

"All right," I said, "here's the parcel. Be careful, now." I put the broken pieces wrapped in cellophane and paper into her hands.

"Do they know you in the shop?" I asked.

"Oh, surely," she said. "I've only got to say the name de Gue."

I watched her across the road and then turned left, back to the market-place and to the obvious bank building standing at the corner. I pushed through the doors and with a brilliant feat of memory asked for Monsieur Peguy.

"I'm sorry, Monsieur le Comte," said the clerk, "Monsieur Peguy is still away. Is there anything I can do for you?"

"Yes," I answered, "I want to know how my account stands."

"Which one, Monsieur?"

"All of them."

A woman typing at a desk behind the counter looked up and stared.

"Excuse me, Monsieur le Comte," said the clerk, "do you mean you require the bare balances, or do you want to see a full statement of figures?"

"I want to see everything," I repeated.

He disappeared and I lit a cigarette, leaning against the counter and listening to the click-click of the woman's typewriter beating against the slower tick of the clock on the wall. The clerk returned with a sheaf of papers in his hand.

"Perhaps you would like to take a seat in the office, Monsieur le Comte?" he said, and he led the way through to a small room with a glass-fronted door.

He left me alone with the file, and as I turned the papers I realised that I was as lost before these columns of figures as I had been before the bills and statements in the foundry. I looked them over one by one, but could make nothing of them, and then the clerk returned to find out whether I wanted any more information.

"Is this all?" I asked. "You have no other papers of mine?"

He looked at me inquiringly, a little puzzled, and said, "No, Monsieur le Comte, unless, of course, there is anything you wish to look at in your safe in the vault."

I had a vision of clinking bags of gold in some massive safe. "In my safe?" I asked. "What have I got in my safe?"

"I don't know, Monsieur le Comte," he said, looking offended, and murmured something about its being unfortunate that Monsieur Peguy was away.

"Is there time for me to look in it before you close?" I asked.

"Certainly," he replied, and he disappeared again and came back with a bunch of keys, and I followed him down a long flight of stairs to the basement. He opened a door with one of the keys and we were in a vast, low room like a cellar, the walls lined with safes, all numbered. He stopped before number 17, took another of the keys on his bunch, put it in the lock, and turned it. I waited for the door to open, but, instead, he withdrew the key, stood back, and looked at me expectantly.

Seeing that I made no move, he said with a puzzled air, "Monsieur le Comte has forgotten to bring his key with him?" Cursing myself for a fool at not knowing what he expected of me, I felt in my pocket and brought out Jean de Gue's bunch of keys. One of them—longer and bigger than the others—looked to me as if it might be right, and, stepping forward with an air of confidence which must surely seem as false to him as it did to me, I put it in the lock, and, thank God, it turned, and when I tried the handle of the safe the door swung open.

The clerk, murmuring that he would leave Monsieur le Comte to find the papers he wanted, went out of the va and I put my hand in the s to find no bags of gold but other mass of papers, all them tied with tape. Od disappointed, I took them the light. The title of a do ment caught my eye, "M riage Settlement of Franc Bruyere," and I was beginn to untie the tape when clerk returned.

"Your little girl is outsid he said. "She asked me tell you that everything arranged about the porcel and can she go back in lorry with Madame Yves?"

"What?" I asked im tiently, preoccupied with papers in my hand.

He repeated the mes stiffly, but it made no se to me, and I did not want inquire what lorry he was t ing about or who Madame Y might be, for clearly I sh know.

"All right, all right," I s "Tell her I'll be along in moment."

Now I had the tape und and had opened the docum and I immediately forgot ab being in the vaults of the ba for this was familiar gro in spite of the legal jargon might have been brow through archives back in To or Blois, or in the reading-ro at the British Museum.

Here were all the perplexi of French matrimonial law, sort of thing I found fascin ing and incomprehensible one; and, time of no accoun sat down and began to read

The father of Francoise, Monsieur Robert Bruyere, h evidently been a rich man w little faith in the stability Jean de Gue, and no desire bolster the tottering fortu of the family of St. Gilles.

Her dowry, which was c siderable, was therefore in tr for the male heir, but the come from this trust could used during the minority the said heir, husband and w having joint control over In default of a son, when Fr coise reached the age of fi the trust funds were to be di ded between her and any s viving daughters of the m riage, or, if she predeceas her husband before she reach the age of fifty, between t husband and any daughters.

The point was that the i come from this vast trust cou only be used by the parents the birth of a male heir, a if no male child were born one could touch a sou of t money until Francoise reach the age of fifty—unless, course, she were to die bef that age. On the date of marriage itself a capital s had been allotted to the h band for his own use, but

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LINEN EMBROIDERY

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was less than a quarter of the total dowry.

I read the complicated document over a dozen times, and I understood at last the allusions dropped by Francoise and the others to the advantage of the next child being a boy. I wondered what whim had caused her father to tie up his fortune in this fashion, and whether Jean de Gue, on his marriage, had simply seized his share of it and gambled on a son. Poor Marie-Noel! No trust money for her if a brother came long. As to Jean de Gue himself, he would get control of half the capital itself only if there was no heir and Francoise died before the age of fifty . . .

"Excuse me, Monsieur le Comte, but will you be much longer? I have to go to lunch. We close at twelve, as Monsieur le Comte is no doubt aware, and it is already twenty past."

The clerk stood beside me, wearing the injured expression of one who has lost valuable minutes of his time, and with an effort I brought myself back to reality. For a moment it had been as though I were sitting in that vast bedroom in the tower, hearing again the comtesse's voice — "Beggared . . . and likely to remain so, unless Francoise produces a son, or . . ."

Now I understood the words, though the hidden meaning of her tone, her covert glance, were still a mystery. I only felt, dimly, that there was a bond between us unbreakable and strong, a secret world of mother and son which no outsider, neither wife nor child nor sister, could enter; and the masquerader that was my outward self hovered on the fringe of discovery, seeking, yet fearful of what it might find.

"I'm coming," I said. "I didn't realise it was so late."

I put the documents back in the safe. As I did so a paper fell out which had not been tied up in tape with the others, but seemed to have been thrust hastily in. I glanced at it, and saw that it was a letter from a lawyer called Talbert, written two or three weeks earlier. Odd words caught my eye — "verrerie," "rentes," "placements," "dividendes" — and, sensing that there might be the clue to the whole financial tangle, I put it in my pocket. Once more we went through the ritual of the keys, and then I followed the clerk out of the vault, up the stairs, and into the little office.

I looked about me, still absent in thought, my mind filled with the details of the marriage settlement, and then I remembered and said, "Where's the child?"

The clerk replied, "She's been gone some time."

"Gone? Gone where?"

"Monsieur le Comte, you said I was to tell her it would be all right for her to do as she asked and go with this person in a lorry."

"I said nothing of the sort!"

I spoke sharply, furious with myself and with him, and he repeated, more offended than ever, the words that I had used, giving them a sense I had never intended. I saw that my own impatience had been to blame —I had spoken quickly, thoughtlessly, wanting to read the document.

"Who was this person, did you say? Where did she go?" I asked, responsibility flooding me, with the sudden vision of gipsies, kidnappers, little girls murdered in woods.

"I rather think it was one of your own lorries from the foundry, Monsieur le Comte," said the clerk. "Some of your workpeople had been to the station. The child seemed perfectly at ease. She climbed up in the front seat with the woman."

There was nothing to be done about it. Marie-Noel must take her chance. She would either be delivered safely at the chateau or butchered in the forest. If there was any mischance, I should be to blame.

The clerk led me past the counter, empty now and silent, and let me out, locking and bolting the door behind me. I turned left and went across the Place towards the church, for I must at least discover what had happened about the broken porcelain. Marie-Noel had said something about the Porte de Ville. Where was the Porte de Ville? I went back in the direction I had seen her take, beyond the car, irritated and anxious.

At last I came to the Porte de Ville itself, an ancient gateway to the once fortified town, with a stone bridge where the drawbridge used to be. I passed under the archway to what was evidently the main shopping street of the town, and at once I saw, on the right-hand side, the place that the child must have meant—an antique shop with china and silver in the window. But the door was fast shut, and there was a notice beside it saying they closed from midday until three.

I turned away, and then saw that a man was watching me from a shop on the opposite side of the street.

"Bonjour, Monsieur le Comte," he said. "Are you looking for Madame?"

I was evidently known, but I did not want to become involved.

"It doesn't matter," I said. "It's not important."

A sort of half-smile appeared on his face. He seemed amused. "I don't wish to be indiscreet," he said, "but Madame can't hear the bell when the door is shut. It would be better to take the garden entrance."

He went on smiling, delighted to be of use to me, but I had no intention of walking into any back garden and disturbing the antique merchant during the sacred siesta hour. I thanked him and went back under the Porte de Ville, and, glancing leftwards in vague curiosity, saw how the shops and houses of the narrow main street backed on to the canal, and that the rear of the antique shop itself was in reality a small eighteenth-century house, with a balcony and strip of garden fronting the canal like a miniature palazzo on a Venetian backwater.

The windows were wide open to the sun, and a cage with budgerigars stood on the balcony. A narrow plank bridge led from the road to the garden. It was one of those corners that a tourist brochure describes as "picturesque," and I wondered how many colored replicas on postcards were on sale within the town.

As I stood there, pausing to light a cigarette, someone came out on to the balcony to feed the birds, and I recognised in an instant the blond woman in the bright blue coat who had laughed at Marie-Noel and myself in the market-place. Was she the keeper of the antique shop? If so, then I had no objection to asking what arrangements had been made to mend the broken porcelain.

I advanced towards the plank bridge, feeling a little over-bold. "Excuse me, Madame," I called. "I tried the shop just now, but the door was locked. Did my daughter visit you this morning?"

The woman turned round, surprised, and then, to my intense astonishment, burst into laughter.

"Idiot," she said, "I thought you'd gone home. What are you doing, hanging about at the street corner and playing the fool?"

The familarity, the use of the intimate "tu," shook me off balance. I could only stare, wondering how to answer in character. She looked away to her right, past the Porte de Ville to the Place Saint-Julien. It was truly the siesta hour. The streets were empty.

"There's no one about," she said. "Come on in."

The reputation of Jean de Gue in Villars was evidently a light one. I hesitated, and then, glancing across the square, saw the decisive factor in favor of acceptance.

It was Renee, whom I had forgotten all about, long finished at the coiffeur, tramping the town in search of me. With a sudden flood of realisation I remembered that, now Marie-Noel had disappeared into the unknown in a lorry, I should have to drive Renee back to St. Gilles alone. I was trapped. The woman in the blue coat followed my eyes and saw my dilemma.

"Quick," she said, "she hasn't seen you — she's looking the other way."

I dashed across the little bridge and on to the balcony, and, laughing still, she pulled me into the room.

"There's luck," she said. "A moment later she'd have caught us."

She shut the long window and turned to me, smiling, the same look of intense amusement on her face that I had noticed and indeed shared in the market-place. But now there was nothing guarded about it or disguised: her whole expression was open and free.

"That child of yours is adorable," she said, "but it was very naughty of you to send her here. And why for heaven's sake did you wrap up those pieces of broken porcelain in cellophane and paper with a card addressed to me? She said something about a mistake, and a friend of yours in Paris, but one of these days, my angel, your jokes will go too far."

She put her hand in the pocket of her blue coat and pulled out a piece of crumpled cellophane and some string. "I'll see to your broken porcelain, and anything else you care to send in from St. Gilles, but don't use your child or your wife or your sister as your deputy, because it's making fools of them and I have too much respect for your family."

She dived into the other pocket and produced a crumpled card. On it was written "For my beautiful Bela, from Jean." The porcelain dog and cat lay in pieces on a table. The only link that was missing was the outsize bottle of "Femme."

Although she had closed the long window, the billowing casement curtains masking the view, the room was full of sun. I had an impression of blue-grey walls and white cushions, but the effect, instead of being cold, was light as air. The flowers that I had seen her carrying from the market-place now spilt in profusion from a

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FOR THE CHILDREN

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Continuing .... The Scapegoat

from page 39

vase in the corner, the sun upon them still.

There was a bowl of fruit upon a table, a bookcase, a Marie Laurencin drawing hanging above the fireplace. Deep chairs stood about the room, and a Persian cat cleaned its paws in one of them. Close to the window was a low, flat table with artist's materials upon it, thin, small brushes and a special sort of paper. There was a smell of apricots.

"What are you doing in Villars in the middle of the day?" she asked.

"I went to the bank," I said, "and forgot the time. I was supposed to pick up one of the family from the coiffeur."

"You've left it rather late," she said. "Does she enjoy walking about the streets?" She went to a corner cupboard and brought out a bottle of aperitif and two glasses. "Where's the child?"

"I don't know. She disappeared in a lorry with some workmen."

"That shows good taste. You've brought her up well. Are you going to have lunch with me? It's all here—ham, salad, cheese, fruit, and coffee." She opened a hatchway between this room and another, and there was a tray laid ready, with food upon it.

"How can I," I asked, "with my sister-in-law waiting for me outside?"

She went over to the window and opened it, and looked out across the balcony to the Place Saint-Julien.

"She's not there any more. If she has any sense she will go and sit in the car, and then, when she becomes tired of waiting, drive back to St. Gilles."

I wondered if Renee could drive. I did not care. It was more interesting to speculate on why my companion called herself by the name of successive Hungarian kings. I sat down in one of the deep chairs and sipped my drink. I felt suddenly devoid of responsibility, and content to let things take their course. Jean de Gue had too many women in his life.

"You can imagine how I felt," she said, "when Vincent came to me just this morning and told me that your small daughter was in the shop asking if we would mend something very precious belonging to her mother. I couldn't imagine what had happened—for one moment I thought your wife had found out that I had done the miniature. What about the miniature? Did you give it to her? Did she like it?"

I paused a moment, considering my words, trying to understand the proper sequence of events. "Yes," I said, "yes, it was a great success. She was very pleased."

"And you managed to get the setting I told you about? They kept the locket for you, after my telephone call?"

"I did. It was quite perfect."

"I'm so glad. It was a marvellous idea of yours, and must have come to you in one of your better moments. The child didn't mention it, so, of course, I did not either. She said her mother had been very much upset by the breakage this morning, so I gathered the dog and cat were precious. They won't mend, of course, but I can get duplicates from Paris. They're Copenhagen—I suppose you realised that? Come on, let's eat. I'm hungry, if you are not."

She laid the table, drawing it up to my chair, and I thought to myself that this was, so far, the most effortless moment of my masquerade. It could be termed a gift, even, on the part of Fate, which had been sparing of indulgence up to date. The only trouble was Renee, walking the streets of Villars getting angrier every moment.

Jean de Gue's Bela must have divined my thought, for she said, "Vincent will be back from lunch directly. When he comes I'll send him out to see if she's in the car. Did you leave it in the Place de la Republique?"

"Yes." Had I? I wasn't sure.

"Don't worry. She'll drive it home. It's what I should do in her place. And then Gaston can bring it back again. Were you joking when you said the child had gone off in a lorry?"

"No, it's true. They gave me the message in the bank."

"You take it very calmly."

"I think it was a lorry from the foundry. And what could I do? She and the lorry had disappeared when I came up from the vaults."

"What were you doing in the vaults?"

"Looking in my safe."

"That must have been a shock to you."

"It was."

I was eating the ham and the salad and breaking bread, and it struck me how much more pleasant was lunch today, with this woman opposite me, than it had been yesterday in the dining-room at the chateau. This train of thought led me to the one undelivered present.

"There's a bottle of scent for you," I said, "on the chest-of-drawers in the dressing-room at St. Gilles."

"Thank you. Am I supposed to go and fetch it?" she asked.

I told her without lying, able to laugh at it now, about the mistake in the initial B.

She looked bewildered. "I don't see how it happened," she said, "since you never speak to your sister. Or had you really brought her something as a peace-offering at long last?"

"No," I answered, "my mind wasn't functioning properly. Too much to drink in Le Mans the day before."

"You must have been insensible and dead drunk on the floor to have made a blunder of that magnitude," she said.

"I was both."

She raised her eyebrows. "The visit to Paris was not successful?"

"Very unsuccessful."

"Carvalet weren't co-operative?"

"They wouldn't extend the contract on our terms. I came back and told my brother Paul they had. My family and the workmen all believe it has gone through. Yesterday I re-opened negotiations on the telephone, and the result is an extension of the contract on their terms. Nobody knows but me. That's why I went to the bank this morning—to see if I can stand the loss. I still don't know the answer."

I looked up from eating and saw the wide blue eyes fixed upon me.

"What do you mean, you don't know the answer?" she said. "Surely you do? You told me before you went to Paris that the foundry is working at a loss, and that if Carvalet wouldn't agree to your terms you were going to close down."

"I don't want to close down," I said. "It wouldn't be fair on the workpeople."

"Since when have you bothered about the workpeople?"

"Since I got drunk in Le Mans."

There was the sound of a door in the distance. She got up and went to the passage. "Is that you, Vincent?" she called.

"Yes, Madame."

"Go and see if the Comte de Gue's car is in the Place de la Republique, and if there is a lady waiting in it."

"Very good, Madame."

She came back and brought me the basket of fruit and the cheese, and poured me another glass of wine.

"You seem," she said, "to have made rather a mess of things since you returned. What are you going to do about it?"

"I haven't the slightest idea," I said. "I'm living from day to day."

"You've done that for a long time."

"I'm doing it more so now. From minute, in fact, to minute."

She cut a slice of gruyere cheese and gave it to me. "You know," she said, "it's a good thing, now and again, to take stock of oneself in life. To see where one has gone wrong. I sometimes wonder why I go on living here in Villars. I barely make a living out of the shop, and I exist mainly on what Georges left me, which is precious little these days."

Was Georges perhaps a husband? Some kind of comment seemed necessary.

"Why do you go on living here?" I asked.

She shrugged her shoulders. "Habit, I suppose. It suits me. I'm fond of this little house. If you think I exist for your occasional visits, you flatter yourself."

"And what's YOUR wife's hobby?"

She smiled, and I wondered whether Jean de Gue did flatter himself. Either way, the result was beneficial.

"Do you think," she asked, "that your sudden feeling for the foundry is because it is, after all, two hundred and fifty years old, and you may be going to have a son at last?"

"No," I said.

"Are you sure?"

"Perfectly. My feeling for it comes from having looked on it yesterday with new eyes. I watched the men working there for the first time. I realised they had a certain pride in it, and a feeling for its owner, too. If it closes down they will be deceived in him, disillusioned, quite apart from being out of a job."

"It is pride, then?"

"I suppose it is. Pride of a sort."

She began to peel a pear and gave me the quarters from it. "You make a mistake leaving so much of the administrative part to your brother. If you weren't so infernally lazy you would do it yourself."

"That had occurred to me."

"Is it too late to start now?"

"Much too late. Anyway, I don't understand it."

"That's nonsense. You've watched it since you were a child. Even if you were never in the slightest bit interested, you must have picked up a working knowledge. I sometimes wonder . . ." She paused, and began to peel an apple for herself.

"What do you wonder?"

"No . . . it would be probing, and I never probe."

"Go on," I said, "I'm curious. I want to be probed."

"It's only," she said, "I sometimes wonder if your lack of feeling for the foundry is because you don't want to think about it too deeply. You don't want to be reminded of what happened to Maurice Duval."

I was silent. This was the fringe of something. The man Jacques had spoken of Maurice Duval: he was the man in the photograph album by the side of Jean de Gue.

"It could be," I said slowly, after a moment or two.

"You see," she said softly, "you don't want me to probe."

On the contrary it was essential to find out all I could about Jean de Gue. But not at the risk of committing another blunder.

"No," I said, "you're wrong. I want you to go on talking about it."

She took her eyes off mine for the first time, and looked above my head, into the distance.

"The Occupation was over fifteen years ago," she said, "his part of it. Yet people go on remembering him—what a fine man he was, and how he died. It can hardly make for peace of mind for those involved."

There was a tap at the door and a small thin man, wearing a beret, looked into the room. He smiled when he saw me.

"Bonjour, Monsieur le Comte," he said. "It's nice to see you. How are you?"

"Very well, thank you."

"There was no lady in the car. But there was this note on the seat."

He handed it to me with a bow. It was short and to the point. "I have been looking for you and Marie-Noel for nearly an hour. I have hired a car to take me back to St. Gilles. R." I showed it to my hostess.

"Now you can relax," she said. "Vincent, be a dear, and put these things through to the kitchen, will you?"

"Yes, Madame."

"Peace, for how long? For me, till three o'clock. For you, as long as you care to stay. Do you want another cushion?"

"No. I'm perfect."

She cleared away the table and fetched cigarettes and coffee. "I'm rather glad you have this sudden sentiment for the foundry," she said. "It shows you have more feeling than you pretend. I still don't see, though, if it's losing money and you've arranged an even worse contract than before, how you can possibly afford to keep it running."

"Nor do I," I said.

"What about that friend who comes to shoot with you? He advises you, doesn't he? He'd be the one to ask."

She wore gracefully a thin wool frock of indeterminate grey. It was restful to look upon her, and to know that in this room nothing was expected of me. I wondered how often Jean de Gue came here from the chateau and sat with his head against a cushion as I was doing now.

Her casual friendliness was disarming, yet inviting, too. It held a quality of ease suggesting mutual understanding without emotional demand. I picked up the cat and stroked it. It would suit me, I thought, if this could be all my masquerade demanded of me; if, instead of being the owner of the chateau of St. Gilles, I might stop here indefinitely in the sunshine, sitting where I was sitting now, with the cat on my lap, being fed with slices of pear by Bela of Villars.

"Can't you sell some securities, or some land?" she asked. "What about your wife? The money's tied up, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"Unless you have a son. I remember now."

She poured me out another cup of coffee. "How is your wife? She's not very strong, is she? Who's looking after her?"

I thought a moment. "Dr. Lebrun," I said.

"He's getting rather old, isn't he? I should have insisted on a specialist. You've been oddly detached about it all along. I hope you show more sympathy at home."

I stubbed out my cigarette. She was the one person who wouldn't be hurt by the truth, yet oddly enough I should have hated her to know. I could imagine the raised eyebrows, the amused laughter, and the practical approach, deciding what must be done, followed by quick, inevitable withdrawal and the courtesy one shows to a stranger.

"I'm not really detached," I said. "I try to show sympathy. The trouble is, I don't know enough about Francoise."

She gazed at me thoughtfully. The candid eyes were disconcerting.

"What's the matter?" she said. "It's not just finance, is it? It goes much deeper. What really happened to you in Le Mans?"

I thought of the old childhood game of hunt-the-thimble. I used to play it with a maiden aunt. It was a restful, easy game for the adult, who did not have to move but only to close her eyes while I, the child, tip-toed about a sitting-room filled with furniture and, heart beating, hid the thimble behind a clock. Then, with opened eyes, the dreaded questions began.

As her eyes travelled towards the clock, honesty would compel me to say, "You're getting warm," though reluctantly, fearfully, not wanting the small gold thimble to be revealed in its precious quiet seclusion. This time I closed my eyes and went on stroking the cat upon my knee. Safety lay in evasion and in the truth as well.

"You said something a little while ago about taking stock of oneself," I said. "Perhaps that's just what I've been doing, over a period of time, and it came to a head that evening in Le Mans. The self I knew had failed. The only way to escape responsibility for failure was to become someone else. Let another personality take charge."

She did not say anything. I suppose she was considering. I could not see because my eyes were closed.

"The other Jean de Gue," she said, "the one who's been hidden for so long beneath the surface gaiety and charm, I've often wondered if he existed. If he's going to emerge he'd better do so now. Time's getting on."

Intuitively, uncannily, she had understood something of my meaning, but not the real sense. The thimble behind the clock was safe, the guesser cold. It was peaceful lying in the deep chair and I did not want to move.

"You don't really understand what I'm trying to tell you," I said.

"Yes, I do," she answered. "You aren't the only one with a dual personality. We all have our multiple selves. But no one avoids responsibility that way. The problems remain to be tackled just the same."

Colder and colder. The seeker was looking at the other end of the room.

"No," I said. "You've missed the point. The problems and responsibilities are new, because the man in charge is somebody else."

"How does he seem to you, then, the man in charge?" she asked.

The great church in Villars sounded two o'clock. The sonorous bell of any church, any cathedral, always rings a summons, and this one, solemn, deep-toned, was far too near for peace of mind.

"Sometimes I see him without any feeling at all," I said, "and sometimes with far too much. One moment he's considering murdering those closest to him, and the next he's giving up his life for a stranger. He says he believes that the only motive which moves the human race is greed, and by ministering to this greed he himself survives. I think he has twisted ideas, but he's terribly near to the truth."

I heard her get up, put my coffee cup on a tray, and carry the tray to the hatch. Then she came back and sat on the arm of my chair. It was strange that I resented, not the favor, which was casual and natural in itself, but that it was done to my other self, the Jean whom she believed me to be. I also resented the present on the chest-of-drawers at the chateau.

"The man in charge," I said. "Why does he buy you 'Femme'?"

"Because he likes the smell, and so do I."

"Do you suppose that's ministering to greed?"

"It depends on the size of the bottle."

"It's a very big bottle."

"Then I call it foresight."

I was not sure if I knew the scent of "Femme." I had never given anyone a bottle, and most scented women I avoided and abhorred. This one was not scented; she smelt of apricots.

"The thing is, it isn't greed at all," I said. "It's hunger. That's where he's wrong. And if it's hunger, what about the conflicting claims? Mother, wife, child, brother, sister-in-law, even workpeople—I can't satisfy them all. Frankly, I don't know where to start or what to do."

She did not answer, but I felt a soothing hand on my head. Anonymity closed in upon me. I was on a border sea between two worlds. The narrow island that once confined me had slipped away, rock-bound and isolated; the crowded continent waiting to receive me, vociferous, demanding, was momentarily out of sight. Wearing another skin had spelt release, yet bondage too. Something had been resurrected, but was also spent. If the claims could be forgotten and the oblivion kept, which man should I be, myself or Jean de Gue?

I put out my hands and felt her face. "I don't want to have to think," I said.

She laughed and, hardly brushing them, kissed my closed eyes.

"That's why you come here, isn't it?" she said.

To be continued

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Film Fan-Fare

Conducted by AINSLIE BAKER

Stardom and love for Dana

● When dark-eyed British beauty Dana Wynter arrived in Hollywood in 1953 after failing to get a job in English studios, not even the most optimistic would have predicted that within four years she would become not only a star but Mrs. Greg Bautzer as well.

GREG, wealthy Los Angeles attorney, was the "perennial bachelor" who, for years, had escorted Hollywood's most beautiful women while still retaining his aversion to matrimony.

His most enduring friendship was with Joan Crawford.

Following her marriage with Greg last year, Dana had to leave almost at once for Africa to do location scenes with Rock Hudson for "Something of Value," the film version of Robert Ruark's best-selling novel.

Dana not only knows Africa well—her Harley Street surgeon father has a 4000-acre estate in Rhodesia—but it was while she was a member of the University of Rhodes acting group that she first became interested in the stage.

She had intended to become a doctor like her father. But after appearing in one or two plays she gave up the idea and decided to try her luck in London.

There she landed two minor—and unpaid—roles in the Old Vic's "Under 30" group.

The first money Dana ever earned as an actress was for appearing in a documentary film.

"I was the average girl," she said. "It was fun, and I fell in love with movie-making."

With her handsome, somewhat older, husband, Dana lives in a gracious Bel-Air hilltop home that they share with a miniature Skye terrier, "English Harry the Toff."

Harry and his ex-wife "Miss Chapultepec" recently parted—"personality differences," Dana explains, and Miss Chapultepec is now living with the Kirk Douglases.

With her career booming and an adoring husband, Dana says she is ecstatically happy. She clearly expects her marriage to last.

She must—for she is making all the dining-room chair covers herself, in needlepoint.

ABOVE: Dana's co-star in her new film, "Something of Value," is the very popular Rock Hudson.

RIGHT: Dana, the almost unknown English beauty who married Hollywood's most marriage-shy bachelor.

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1 AMBITIOUS newspaper columnist Kathy Ferguson (Stanwyck), with approval of her editor (Jay Adler), helps the police solve a killing by appealing directly to the murderer through the lonely hearts column she conducts for the paper.

2 DURING the course of the investigation Kathy and Lieutenant Doyle (Hayden), who are frequently together, fall in love and Kathy turns down the opportunity of a top New York newspaper job so that they can be married.

Crime of Passion

★ **Even though she is cast as a police detective's wife in the United Artists release "Crime of Passion," Barbara Stanwyck, as usual in her pictures, manages to kill somebody. The story is one of passion and intrigue in the higher echelons of the police department of a big American city.**

Sterling Hayden and Raymond Burr play the two men in Barbara's life, and Fay Wray — remembered as King Kong's old playmate — has a supporting role.

3 INTRODUCED to Doyle's circle of friends, Kathy, who is deeply in love with her husband, tries to fit in, but is soon unhappy with the limited opportunities that now come her way.

4 HER DETERMINATION to get to know the Chief Inspector and his wife, Anthony and Alice Pope, hardens as Kathy listens to one of the other police wives, Sara Alidos (Virginia Grey, right), talking about enjoying their friendship.

5 RIGHT. Kathy stages a fake accident to force a meeting with the Popes, and as a result soon afterwards she and Anthony (Raymond Burr) are engaged in an affair. Kathy uses their intimacy to urge Doyle's quick promotion.

6 ATTACK on fellow officer Alidos (Royal Dano) is made by Doyle after Kathy sends anonymous note about herself and Pope to Doyle and blames it on the jealousy of the Alidos over their friendly relationship with the Popes.

7 FAILURE of all her plans when Pope resigns and appoints Alidos and not Doyle as his successor makes Kathy shoot her ex-lover. Doyle takes his wife to the station to be charged after he has confronted her with gun she used to kill.

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Continuing .... Precious Flame

from page 17

gazing down into her moonlit face. "You do love me, Ailsa? You won't let them come between us again?"

"I love you," she told him, trembling. She saw his strong dark face above her and knew she would have strength to stand by him. She was older now. It was her right to choose her own path. Life truly an adventure, each day a new discovery. "We must have been meant to find each other here tonight. It's been so lonely for me without you."

Smiling, she watched him lead away the tired dog on the leash. Going slowly home, her heart, her memories, were still with Vern Gresh.

But then she began to think about David Collier. She hoped he would understand, and soon find someone else. Ailsa breathed deep of the clean night air, feeling a sudden surge of freedom. She had wings and could fly, she had silver feet not touching earth at all. She laughed in the face of the stars.

But before she went back to bed, Ailsa wrote to David, breaking off their engagement. I shan't be able to feel it's really true about Vern and me, she thought, until I've explained everything.

She wrote quickly, frankly, just as the thoughts came, not stopping to con her letter over. It doesn't matter how I put it, she told herself, so long as he understands we could never be happy together because I love Vern.

Having addressed the letter, she propped it up on the kitchen windowsill. First thing in the morning when her father took the cream cans down to the stand, her letter would go, too, and the Creamie would drop it into Colliers' mailbox. David would have read it by dinner time.

Ailsa woke next morning with a lovely feeling of happiness. She worked all day with eager impatience, longing for evening. Her mother smiled to hear her singing as she worked, to see happiness vibrating in the air she moved in. Ailsa felt a little guilty, knowing that her mother quite misunderstood her joy. She wished she could confess, and talk about the man she loved.

But I had better wait until everything is all settled, she thought. They're bound to be disappointed, but once I've made my decision, and David understands, they will get over it. If family tales were true, her mother had broken off just such a love-affair to marry the man of her choice.

She knew what her mother would say, of course. Off with the old love, on with the new! But it wasn't true, it wouldn't be fair. She had never been really in love with anyone but Vern Gresh. I don't mind waiting for him till I'm twenty-one, she thought. The time will soon go, there's so much to learn from him of all the things he's interested in.

As soon as she had run the evening's milk through the separator and fed the poddy calves, Ailsa slipped away. She crossed the paddocks on a rising tide of joy. Golden wattles hung their heavy blooms along the creek, and willows draped their fairy wands with new green. The big looped wooden gates to Gresh's farmstead were freshly painted and boldly lettered in black: Mountain View. For the first time, Ailsa felt a thrill of pride to think that this was her future home.

There was no sign of Vern, though he had promised to be waiting. But she smiled to herself, remembering he was never on time. "I expect him when I see him, and not always then!" Mrs. Glover used to say.

The girl waited by the gate for what seemed a long time. The mountains on the left-hand horizon growing violet-misty, a hawk floating high over the grazing pastures. She watched the path down which her lover would appear, and the thought gave her a little thrill of wonder, almost of apprehension—she had never even thought of David as her lover. And she was so much younger than Vern, so much less wise. Could her love make up to him for all she lacked in other ways? Oh, my dear, my dear!

Life with Vern would be a great adventure, always. They wouldn't be tied monotonously to this little place. Vern thought nothing of flying to other States, he was often away visiting new places and interesting people. Ailsa pictured herself entertaining his friends, being entertained by them, always gracious, kindly. They would never guess she came from the bush, a little nobody.

In the end, she grew tired of waiting. After all, she had the right to go and find him for herself. Probably some neighbor had kept him back, yarning. She ran lightly across to the back of the house, chuckling to think how she would surprise him.

Something seemed to be going on round the back of the sheds and causing a great deal of noise. Above the furious barking of a dog, Ailsa thought she could recognise Vern's upraised voice. She went round the corner of the big implement shed in some perplexity, wondering what was going on. And suddenly she saw them.

A dainty little silver-grey heifer had somehow wandered in from the farm next door. Ailsa would have known Mr. Saunders' cows anywhere. Apparently she had found her way into the feed shed and now Vern and his big lean cattle dog were chasing her out.

But the heifer had panicked, you could tell by her startled eyes and quivering flanks. She wasn't used to being dogged, sworn at. She ran blindly about, into corners, anywhere at all, trying dementedly to dodge the flailing blows of a long-handled shovel.

Ailsa shrank back against the shed wall, horrified. All her life she had been brought up to treat animals with patience and gentleness. "Never lose your temper with them," her father always said. "Never strike a beast, it only spoils a good animal. They'll do what you want of them, once they know what it is, and trust you."

The little grey heifer balked at last and stood. Too terrified to see the open gate. And Vern Gresh, blind with anger, struck her again and again with the back of the shovel, his face a mask of cruel will.

Suddenly the heifer saw the gate and charged wildly through, across the open paddock, over the far fence, bellowing in fear and tearing herself on the gaunt barbs as she went over. She fell, but staggered to her feet and stood, head dropped, flanks heaving, in the shelter of the bush beyond.

Ailsa was shaking all over. She leaned on the wall of the shed, shocked beyond thought. Unable to move, her sweet dream shattered to a mockery that sickened her.

Vern Gresh went over and closed the gate. Turning, he saw her, and his dark face lightened. He strode across the yard. "You're early, Ailsa! How long have you been here?"

Ailsa lifted her head and looked at him. She couldn't have said a word to save herself just then, but her face spoke for her, white as chalk, and her eyes black stars. Vern Gresh laughed a bit uncomfortably.

"I lost my temper, I'm afraid," he explained unnecessarily, "but some fool is always leaving a gate open and those damn beasts get in and rip open the feed bags. Never mind, it's all over now, honey. Come on up to the house and let's talk while Mrs. Glover gets tea."

Ailsa went with him, numbly. He took her arm and locked her hand in his. "Buck up, darling!" he laughed. "I'm sorry you happened to walk in on that. But I guess there's one dolt of an animal that won't come back in a hurry!"

She still didn't answer, so he went on, "And we've such a lot to talk about, haven't we? When are we going to be married? Where shall we go for our honeymoon? What do you say to flying to the Great Barrier Reef, or would you sooner go by sea? Oh, and there's your family, of course. Do you think I ought to go over and make a formal request to your father for your hand?"

She said, "I—I can't. I want to go home!"

Vern laughed and circled her with his arms. "Baby, you're being silly! Remember what you said last night? You love me. You belong right here."

"Not now." At last her throat would obey her, she could speak without feeling she was going to choke. "Love can't live with cruelty. You've killed it all. I'd be too ashamed!"

"What? Just because you saw me lose my temper? What do you think I am, a milk-and-water sissy? You'll wait a long time for a man that's perfect, let me tell you!"

"I don't want a man who's perfect," Ailsa cried out, "only one who's kind!" And she ran from him as blindly as the little grey heifer had done down the drive, out of the big gates, fumbling with the patent catch, and slamming them shut thankfully behind her.

She had almost walked into David Collier before she saw him. Staring at the ground, hurrying still, and thinking that it wasn't because Vern had lost his temper—it was his reason for doing so, and his unbridled cruelty. She could hardly believe she was the same girl who had come along here so light-heartedly an hour ago. Womanhood had come on her like a storm, a lightning flash, and she still felt shaken.

David spoke her name. They knew each other so well.

Yet when Ailsa looked up, her face was a stranger's.

"They said you'd gone over this way. I thought I might catch up with you coming home. Is—is there anything wrong?"

"You got my letter?" she asked. "You understood?"

David nodded. "I got it all right. But it was pretty mixed up. I was hoping you'd explain it a bit."

Ailsa took a deep breath. She meant to be quite impersonal, quite detached. She was a lot older now than last night. But she was still shocked, still distraught.

And as soon as she began to try to tell David all that had led up to the writing of that letter, the memory of her bitter humiliation swept back over her, and she could only pour out to him the story of the little strayed heifer. Knowing that David would understand because he had shared all her past, and he understood dumb creatures.

Why, on their farms the animals were practically people, they all had names, their personalities known and respected.

David said nothing till she had quite finished. Then he smiled, the old familiar grin that began in his eyes, lifted the corners of his mouth, and spread almost to his ears. "A pity you had to find out about him that way," he said. "Any of us could have told you."

"But everyone seemed to like him, he always seemed so popular!" Ailsa protested.

"He got around, he's [illegible] with his money, and like[illegible] be in everything," [illegible] agreed, "but he was [illegible] what you'd call one of us."

He did not add that [illegible] Gresh was the last man to ma[illegible] a Barbelow girl. He touc[illegible] her arm. "You'll get over [illegible] Ailsa. Don't let it hurt. Y[illegible] forget it."

"But I've been such a fool," she cried, ashamed. "It [illegible] pride that did it, thinking [illegible] was different, too good for [illegible] own family. It serves me ri[illegible] And now I've lost everything——"

"You mean," David [illegible] carefully, "it isn't true, w[illegible] you said in that letter [illegible] wrote?"

Ailsa looked at him. "[illegible] but it was true, it was true [illegible] night! Only I didn't understand [illegible] then that there's more to be [illegible] happy than just exciteme[illegible] change—all that."

She thought how she [illegible] dreamed of the precious fla[illegible] of love rising to weld th[illegible] into one, herself and Ve[illegible] Gresh. Not knowing how fra[illegible] precious, how delicate a fla[illegible]—dying in the bleak wind [illegible] cruelty, snuffed like a candle [illegible] leaving darkness, chill. [illegible] wasn't that really love at all [illegible] Only being "in love"—a phe[illegible] tom fire, a mere mirage?

Love couldn't thrive with[illegible] respect. Love needs a wa[illegible] clean hearth if it's going [illegible] last, her mother had o[illegible] said. She gave a little help[illegible] sob.

Suddenly she was in Dav[illegible] arms and he was kissing a[illegible] her tears. A man's arms n[illegible] no longer a diffident bo[illegible] Holding her firmly, urge[illegible] against him, his lips on [illegible] with a message that reach[illegible] her heart.

"Why, David!" she s[illegible] wondering; and he laughed.

"I've always been a [illegible] scared of you before," he c[illegible] fessed. "Mum always tau[illegible] me girls were special and [illegible] had to treat them with respe[illegible] But you looked so little a[illegible] kind of lost, Ailsa, and I [illegible] love you so. Ailsa, don't lea[illegible] me, will you?"

"You mean you forgive m[illegible] You still trust me?"

He cradled her against hi[illegible] in the tender gloaming light [illegible] his cheek against her hair. H[illegible] said, "Let's forget all that. I'[illegible] only an ordinary chap, but b[illegible] tween us we can have so[illegible] wonderful times. Think of [illegible] Ailsa, maybe fifty years [illegible] working together, loving, a[illegible] having fun! That's if you wa[illegible] me, Ailsa. Just tell me what [illegible] is you really do want."

She lifted her head. "O[illegible] this, David. Only this!"

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Use Kiwi Glint straight from the bottle. No water to add . . . Glint is waiting to give you the cleanest windows ever. Just wipe on . . . wipe off. No waiting or time-wasting polishing with Kiwi Glint. Next time you're cleaning windows let Kiwi Glint do the job better—and faster.

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Choose your LAXATIVE wisely

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I have been troubled with constipation for many years. Now I take Beecham's Pills and they have helped me greatly.
Signed M. A. Baxter (Mrs.)

Certain laxatives operate before your food has had time to be of maximum benefit—they leave you feeling weak. Beecham's Pills are a special laxative treatment that ensures a thorough clearance *only* when you have digested your food properly and completely absorbed the essential proteins and vitamins. By taking Beecham's Pills you will relieve constipation and derive full value from your food. So choose . . .

BEECHAM'S pills

THE WORLD FAMOUS LAXATIVE

Death came with a sigh

● First prize of £20 in our contest this week was won by Mrs. E. Schutz, 57 Alabama Ave., Prospect, S.A.

HERE is Mrs. Schutz's winning entry:

When my grandmother was alive, she used to tell my mother that she would let her know when she was dying, and that afterwards she would always warn her when trouble was likely to come.

In 1941, when Grandma was in a nursing home, my mother went to visit her and found her feeling better and brighter than ever.

While my mother was at work next day, at 3.50 p.m. she was sitting with another woman when they both heard a long sigh. Mother began to cry and said, "It was Mum's sigh. She has passed away."

The same evening we learned that Grandma died at exactly 3.50 p.m., and since then, if Mother sees her in a dream, some trouble or worry always comes a day or two later.

STRANGE but TRUE

HOW TO ENTER

Write your "Strange but True" experience clearly and in not more than 250 words. The story must be true, and must not have been published previously. It can be amusing, sad, dramatic, or romantic.

Send your entries, giving clearly name and address, INCLUDING THE STATE, to "Strange but True," Box 5252, G.P.O., Sydney.

The decision of the judges will be final. No entries can be returned, or any correspondence entered into.

A prize of £5 was won by the following entry:

Changed relations

MANY years ago my father was engaged to a girl, but the engagement was later broken and the girl and her family left the district.

Twenty years later I met and married the girl's youngest brother. She has been a wonderful sister-in-law for a long time now, and we often laugh about how very near she was my mother.

Mrs. E. Johnston, 66 Mile St., O'Connor, Canberra.

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New Film Releases

★ THE VINTAGE

M.G.M. drama, with Mel Ferrer, Pier Angeli, John Kerr. In Metrocolor CinemaScope. St. James, Sydney.

IF ever there was a film that should have been made by the French, it is this.

Not because it was filmed in the sunny and lovely vineyard country of southern France, but because it attempts to portray with honesty the emotions of a peasant people — something the French do very well and the Americans with less skill.

A Gallic country, too, would have found its own symbolism for capturing on film the deep and ancient significance of the vintage.

It is again the fate of young John Kerr ("Tea and Sympathy") to love an older, married woman. He is an Italian whose chivalry has led him to kill. With his elder brother, Mel Ferrer, he seeks to evade capture by joining seasonal workers in the French vineyards.

The older woman this time is Michele Morgan, wife of bullying vigneron Leif Erickson. Pier Angeli, her younger sister, shows a delightful young sincerity in her love scenes with Ferrer.

The authentic and fresh background makes the most lasting impression in a film of evenly accomplished performances.

In a word: DIFFERENT.

★ BOY ON A DOLPHIN

Romantic adventure, with Alan Ladd, Clifton Webb, Sophia Loren. Color CinemaScope. A 20th Century-Fox film. Mayfair, Sydney.

A BARREN island, a luxurious yacht, and the bed of the ocean round the island of Hydra in the Aegean Sea are the unusual settings for this film.

The story revolves round Phaedra (Sophia Loren), who dives for sponges and stumbles upon the famous lost treasure of a boy astride a dolphin.

With it and the knowledge that if she can find a rich American to buy the treasure it will make her rich, she goes to Athens.

She first approaches James Calder (Alan Ladd), an American archaeologist. She in turn is approached by Victor Parmalee (Clifton Webb), a crook, who realises he can make a vast amount of money if he gets the treasure.

From then on it is a battle of wits between Parmalee and Calder to get to the dolphin first — with Parmalee one step ahead all the way.

As can be expected from an actor of Webb's calibre, he gives a smooth performance, always in command of himself. The same cannot be said of Alan Ladd, who appears completely ill at ease.

Sophia Loren is the surprise of the picture. As the penniless, spitfire island girl, she is most convincing.

Director Negulesco chose the same photographer as he used for "Three Coins in the Fountain," and together they have captured fully, in magnificent color, the Mediterranean marine and island life.

In a word: PICTURESQUE.

LITA BARON is vastly amused as her husband, Rory Calhoun, shows her the script of his new film, "Domino," pointing out the spot where for the first time he will sing on the screen. Rory is now interested in producing films.

THE RIVER'S EDGE

Outdoor drama, with Ray Milland, Anthony Quinn, Debra Paget. In De Luxe CinemaScope. 20th-Century Fox. Plaza, Sydney.

IT was an ill day for those stalwarts Ray Milland and Anthony Quinn when they decided to be in this one.

A decidedly mature Milland, a fugitive from justice and the uneasy possessor of an illegal million dollars, finds his old girl-friend, Debra Paget, unhappily married to rancher Anthony Quinn, whom he needs to guide him across the mountainous Mexican border to safety.

The trio set off, Milland at the back with a gun. Debra has every intention of leaving the incompatible Quinn for her old love. It is only as the journey proceeds and misadventures pile up that Milland is shown for the deep-dyed villain he is.

Having lost Debra and brutally bashed Quinn, Milland is killed, thus reuniting the couple.

In a word: UNBELIEVABLE.

TELEVISION PARADE

● The special telecast programme which celebrated the Australian Broadcasting Commission's 25 years in broadcasting was a fascinating documentary. I was sorry when it stopped.

By
NAN MUSGROVE

MY main reaction was to start a "Bring Back Dick Bentley for TV" Fund, amazement at Peter Dawson's singing at 76, and admiration for young Mr. Michael Charlton of Channel 2, ABN, who did a remarkably good job as compere. Charlton is a lucky young man. He is a much more attractive and likeable character on TV than on radio. This is important, as, according to Mr. Bentley, who appeared in a specially filmed interview with Wilfrid Thomas, TV has taken the place of entertainment!

★ ★ ★

WEDNESDAY nights at 9 p.m. is mid-week movie night at Channel 9, TCN, starting July 10. The first is a vintage film made in 1941, "You'll Never Get Rich." The stars? Fred Astaire and Rita Hayworth. It was made two years after the break-up of the Ginger Rogers - Astaire dance team, and Rita was hailed as the dancing partner he'd been waiting for.

Rita, only 23 then, was in her pre-Princess era; in fact in the throes of her first divorce from a man described as "young oil man" Edmund Judson. Soon to follow him were Orson Welles, Prince Aly Khan, and Dick Haymes.

Astaire, born in Omaha as Fred Austerlitz, was 42 and described as "unquestionably the best-known and best-paid dancer in the world." He had 84 pairs of dancing shoes, wore a toupee, and, according to the Press, "at 42 he looks 32 with his hat on." Noel Coward said to him, "Freddie, when you tap-dance it makes me want to cry."

The old files made nostalgic reading and I was feeling sorry for Freddie, now 58 years old, but I find that 1957 is really his year.

In the next few months he will be seen in two big new movies. In one he stars with Audrey Hepburn, in the other with Cyd Charisse. He dances, gay as ever, and is the romantic lead. Perhaps at last he's found the dancing partner he's been looking for.

★ ★ ★

WHAT do you think of the United States? Don't bother to answer, your opinion doesn't matter. America's big network, NBC-TV, recently sent a team round the world to 10 major cities to gather such opinion for a big weekly TV show. The cities to be visited are London, Paris, Frankfurt, Belgrade, Cairo, Istanbul, Calcutta, Hongkong, Taipeh, and Tokio. The best back-hander?

★ ★ ★

RECIPES that don't involve cooking always intrigue me. Here's one I heard in Judy Anne James' "Home" show. It's really delicious. Here it is: Ingredients: Half a tin of sweetened condensed milk, ¼ cup of lemon juice, the grated rind of 1 lemon, and 1 egg. Mix all these ingredients together and stand for 30 minutes or a little longer and you have a connoisseur's lemon-cheese. You probably don't believe this, but the action of the lemon juice and rind on the milk produces a rich, thick confection.

★ ★ ★

THE first real winter weather in Sydney chased Captain Fortune off the windblown pier where he's been entertaining ever since Channel 7, ATN went on the air. These days he's to be found in his cabin, complete with lifebelts and other nautical accessories. But the big news is that he's sporting a new beard—a real one instead of the rather gafferlike grey mohair prop he glued on before. Cap'n Fortune (Sydney actor Alan Herbert) tells me that three weeks of intensive cultivation preceded his debut in his own beard. His main reason for growing it was the increasing number of personal visits he is making to meet children in hospital who watch his session.

★ ★ ★

NEXT big musical TV date is August 8, when Channel 2, ABN will televise another Sydney Symphony Orchestra concert from the Sydney Town Hall. The conductor will be Efrem Kurtz, the soloist Ruggiero Ricci, young American-Italian violinist. Ricci is one of those rare humans, a grown-up infant prodigy. He began his musical career when he played in the Hollywood Bowl at an age when most children are still in kindergarten.

★ ★ ★

KEITH WALSHE, popular compere of Channel 7, ATN's "Sydney Tonight," has a week's holiday from July 15. While he is away, Red Moore, a comedian from the Kiwi concert party who has been in America, will act as locum tenens for Walshe.

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Bonnington's Irish Moss

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It CANNOT scratch
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Clean any surface
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SPHINX—coloured borders, self colours; white satin striped, 3/3; plain white hemstitched, 2/10; individually initialled, 3/9; gift boxes of three for 9/9; gift boxes of six for 19/6. CAIRO—for men, colours only, 2/11. IDEAL.—for ladies, colours only, 1/11.

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men's handkerchiefs are made by:
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Sure, quick, positive relief . . . Iodised Balmosa cream! You'll feel the pain abating . . . feel new freedom return to aching muscles. Iodised Balmosa cream is non-staining. Just *s-m-o-o-t-h* it in. *Ask your doctor about*
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Watch for further fun with MAC the ventriloquist and his doll ROBBIE.

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DRESS SENSE by Betty Keep

● The corduroy robe, with its harlequin motif trim on collar, cuffs, and buttons (illustrated at right), can be worn loose or belted at the waistline.

I CHOSE the gown for a young married woman. Here is her letter and my reply:

"WOULD you please design me a dressing-gown-cum-breakfast-coat I can make in corduroy velveteen? I have to cook my husband a very early breakfast, and want a gown I can wear for this purpose. I have about ½yd. of cotton printed with a harlequin square. Could this be used for a trimming? I take a 34in. pattern size."

The robe I have chosen in answer to your request is illustrated at right. The garment is floor-length and finished with below-elbow sleeves. You will find the latter more practical when cooking than full-length sleeves. The robe can be worn belted or unbelted. I hope you will like it sufficiently well to buy a paper pattern. The design is obtainable in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Lines under sketch give further details and how to order.

"COULD you tell me if the slim sheath frock will still be worn for spring?"

In spring fashions the sheath dress is softened with back blousing or a round hipline. In the latter case, a cummerbund is often worn to call attention to the eased hipline.

"DO you think a loose-fitting jacket would be slimming? I am having a floral frock and jacket outfit made, and can't decide on the jacket style. The frock for under the jacket is quite plain and slim."

Actually, I don't think a loose-fitting jacket is slenderising, but it is often concealing. Why not have the jacket waist-length and fitted? Worn over a matching dress it will give a neat, unbroken line, and therefore will be slenderising.

"MY daughter, aged 15, is being bridesmaid in five weeks' time, and I wondered if you could answer several queries. Her frock is white organdie finished with a red sash. As she has fairly large feet, what type and color do you suggest for shoes? The bride has asked her to wear some style of flower arrangement. Would you say what sort? My daughter has a long bob, brown eyes, and a pretty figure."

A circular, flower-and-berry-trimmed headband would be a pretty arrangement for a teenage bridesmaid. Have the band, which can be tied with narrow ribbon under the hair at back, made in white daisies and tiny clusters of red berries. I suggest your daughter wears red shoes. The classic court shoe is the most flattering design to a large foot.

"MY boy-friend's parents, who live in a country town, have invited me to stay for a few days. Would it be correct for me to take slacks and a sweater to wear in the daytime?"

Safer to take a skirt and sweater. Some people have conservative ideas about girls wearing slacks.

"WHAT type of foundation garment is suitable to wear under a suit with a non-fitting waistline?"

It depends on your figure proportions. A corselet tends to shape a more subtle, less accented silhouette, which is excellent for the new relaxed waistline.

"I HAVE some good black crepe I would like to make into a late-day frock with a transparent yoke. I am 28, slim, and fair-haired."

A black crepe sheath with a yoke and tiny sleeves of matching silk marquisette would make a pretty late-day dress. Have the yoke finished with a small turnover collar in crepe, and the sleeves narrowly cuffed to match.

DS250. — Housecoat-cum-dressing-gown in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4½yds. 54in. material and ½yd. 36in. contrast. Price 5/-. Patterns may be obtained from Betty Keep, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

Beauty in brief:

PASSPORT TO FINE SKIN

By CAROLYN EARLE

● Don't worry if your winter skin becomes rather dry, for it's a seasonal hazard that can usually be corrected with vitamin-type skin food.

JUST massage the cream into the face and neck each night and you will soon notice a big difference.

If your body skin is also dry, have an all-over rub with an emollient lotion every so often.

Meanwhile, stimulate general circulation by applying friction to the whole body with a rough towel, body brush, or string glove. This is one of the best ways to get an out-of-condition skin blooming again.

Always work from the extremities towards the heart.

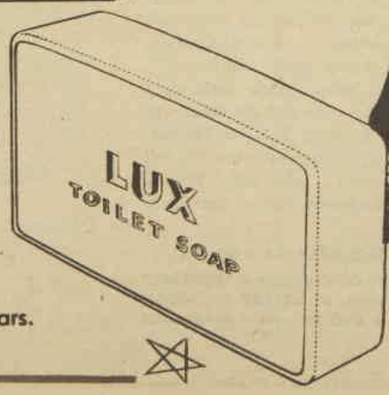
Still another good idea for soothing dry skin is to put a teaspoonful of olive oil in the bath. This makes a mess of the bath, but a swish round with a soapless detergent immediately afterwards will take care of that.

Wouldn't you know he's Judy Holliday's son?

The same laughing eyes, the same bright smile. And like his beautiful film star mother, Jonathan Louis has fine, clear skin.

Judy Holliday insists on pure white LUX TOILET SOAP for all the family

Lovely Judy Holliday knows Lux is so mild . . . so gentle, with a purity no other soap can match. Choose pure white Lux Toilet Soap for *your* family soap, too. Husbands love that rich, refreshing lather, and it's safe for baby's tender skin.



Pure white LUX TOILET SOAP

Used by 9 out of every 10 film stars.

Judy Holliday relaxes with son Jonathan Louis (5) on the set of Columbia's "Full of Life". Like all little boys, Jonathan Louis is proud of mother's loveliness. (Pure white Lux Toilet Soap helps Judy keep her complexion flawless and beautiful. It'll do the same for you.)

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It's easy to see why Kia-ora soups taste so good.

Anne Dixon, Kia-ora's Home Economist, says "It's easy to see why Kia-ora soups taste so good!"

Just look at what goes into them! The very best of everything! Look at those beautiful tomatoes, that chicken, the milk, the butter, the farm-fresh vegetables. No wonder Kia-ora soups taste so delicious. No wonder they're so nourishing; so *good* for you.

"Here at Kia-ora, we believe the only way to make the best soups, is to begin with the best ingredients. And that's what we do. We buy the best ingredients. We *prepare* them with care. And we *cook* them with care.

WE MAKE THEM DOUBLE-STRENGTH TOO!

Try our Kia-ora soups yourself. They're just the sort of soups you'd make yourself, if you only had the time, and we make them double-strength for economy and flavour. You'll find them very easy to serve, too. There's no fussing about; none of the boiling and mixing you have with other types of soup. You just bring them to the required heat and serve. Try them all . . . Kia-ora Tomato soup, with that true tomato flavour . . . Kia-ora Chicken soup, made with plump, tender chicken . . . Kia-ora Vegetable soup, made with eight farm-fresh vegetables . . . and the other five famous flavours. Enjoy a Kia-ora famous-flavour soup today. Your grocer has the full range in two sizes . . . the large 6-serve Family Size and the handy 3-serve can. Stock your pantry now!

KIA-ORA FAMOUS-FLAVOUR SOUPS

TOMATO ★ CREAM OF CHICKEN ★ VEGETABLE PEA SOUP WITH HAM ★ CELERY ★ ONION SCOTCH BROTH ★ AND THE NEW ASPARAGUS

* *See the great Kia-ora TV show "ALFRED HITCHCOCK PRESENTS" every Friday at 9.00 p.m on GTV-9 Melbourne, ATN-7 Sydney.*

K632

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Glamor touches for cakes

● **Even a plain cake can become the highlight of any special occasion when it is given a luscious filling or a frosting that appeals to the eye as well as the taste-buds.**

MELTED chocolate is used to produce the attractive effect on the crisp snow frosting above. Swirl with a knife while both chocolate and frosting are soft and warm.

By LEILA C. HOWARD, Our Food and Cookery Expert

WHETHER they are light and fluffy, smooth, or creamy, a frosting and filling put the perfect finishing touch to simple cakes.

Take care when adding colorings, as only a few drops are needed to give a delicate effect.

Chopped nuts, glace cherries, angelica, and colored coconut can all be used for decoration.

Spoon measurements are level in all our recipes.

VELVETY LEMON ICING

Two egg-whites, 1½ to 2lb. pure icing-sugar, 2 tablespoons melted butter, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 1 teaspoon glucose, green coloring.

Beat egg-whites slightly. Add lemon juice, then sifted icing-sugar a little at a time. Beat well until sufficient icing-sugar has been added to make smooth pouring consistency. Beat in glucose and melted butter. Continue adding icing-sugar until icing will hold its shape. Add coloring. Spread over cake, smooth surface slightly with broad-bladed knife dipped frequently in hot water. Leave approximately 24 hours before cutting. Decorate with a bouquet of fresh flowers.

CREAMY MILK FROSTING

One tablespoon butter, 3 cups sugar, 1 cup milk, 1 teaspoon vanilla.

Melt butter in saucepan, stir in milk and sugar, and stir until the sugar is dissolved and the mixture boils. Boil without stirring to 235deg. F., or until a drop of the mixture forms a soft ball when tested in cold water. Remove from heat and beat to spreading consistency; add vanilla. Spread over with a sweeping motion to form swirls.

CARAMEL FROSTING

One cup brown sugar, ½ cup water, 2 egg-whites, vanilla or almond essence.

Make a syrup of the sugar and water, and boil without stirring to the soft-ball stage (cold-water test), or 238deg. F. Cool. Whip egg-whites, gradually pour in syrup, and beat to spreading consistency. Add flavoring. Spread on to cake.

CRISP SNOW FROSTING

One and a half cups sugar, 2 tablespoons water, 2 egg-whites, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, 1 teaspoon vanilla.

Put sugar, water, egg-whites into basin, and whisk over rapidly boiling water until mixture holds its shape and is of spreading consistency, 10 to 15 minutes. Add lemon juice and essence, and spread quickly and roughly over cake. Chopped nuts or fruits (as cherries) may be added. Half the quantity takes about 7 minutes to cook, and double the quantity about 20 minutes.

FUDGE FILLING

Two ounces chocolate, ½ cup milk, 1½ cups brown sugar, 1 dessertspoon honey, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 dessertspoon condensed milk, ½ teaspoon vanilla, ½ cup icing-sugar.

Cut chocolate into small pieces, melt in heated milk. Add sugar and honey, and bring to boiling point, stirring to prevent burning. Boil gently until mixture reaches 236deg. F., or until a small quantity dropped into cold water can be moulded into a very soft ball with fingers. Beat in butter, condensed milk, and vanilla essence. Allow to cool; beat with wooden spoon until color lightens and mixture thickens to spreading consistency. Stir in icing-sugar, and use immediately, as filling becomes firm on standing.

GOLDEN GINGER FILLING

One tablespoon shortening, ¾ cup icing-sugar, hot water, 1 teaspoon golden syrup, 1 tablespoon chopped preserved ginger, small pinch powdered ginger.

Cream shortening, gradually add sifted icing-sugar, adding a little hot water to make a smooth, thick cream. Stir in golden syrup, preserved and powdered ginger, mix well.

MARSHMALLOW CREAM

One tablespoon gelatine soaked in ½ cup water, ¾ cup water, 2 cups sugar, vanilla, 2 egg-whites.

Stir water and sugar over gentle heat until sugar dissolves. Heat to 218deg. F., or when a teaspoonful tested in cold water can be pulled with the fingers to make a thread. Add soaked gelatine, cool. Flavor with vanilla, beat until thick and white. Fold in stiffly beaten egg-whites.

CHOCOLATE-CREAM FILLING

Two dessertspoons butter or substitute, 2 tablespoons flour, 2 or 3 tablespoons sugar (according to taste), 2oz. grated chocolate or 2 tablespoons cocoa, 1½ cups milk, 1 teaspoon vanilla, pinch salt.

Melt butter or substitute, add flour, cook 2 or 3 minutes, without allowing to brown. Add milk and sugar, stir until mixture boils and thickens. Add grated chocolate or cocoa blended to a smooth paste with extra milk. Beat until smooth and well mixed. Add vanilla and salt, allow to become cold before using.

STEAK ROLL WINS £5

ROAST MASQUERADE, which wins our £5 recipe prize this week, is a novel method of preparing and cooking the cheaper cuts of beef to resemble a roast joint.

All spoon measurements in our recipes are level.

ROAST MASQUERADE

Two pounds bladebone or topside steak (cut in one piece), 3 cups soft breadcrumbs, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1 cup grated carrot, 1 small clove garlic, salt and pepper, 1 tablespoon butter, milk to moisten, 2 dessertspoons meat extract, 2 cups cooked mashed parsnip.

Combine breadcrumbs, parsley, carrot, and crushed garlic, season with salt and pepper. Add melted butter and sufficient milk to bind. Spread breadcrumb mixture over steak, roll up, starting from the shortest end. Secure with skewers or coarse thread or string. Place rolled meat into a greased and lined 7in. cake-tin or ovenware dish of similar size. Add one dessertspoon of the meat extract to the mashed parsnip, press over sides and top of meat. Brush top with remaining meat extract, cover with a piece of greased paper, and bake in moderate oven 1 to 1½ hours, or until meat is tender.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. E. Moss, 18 Deas St., Benalla, Vic.

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To-day you can get fast relief safely

Now, in 1957, there is no need to rely on old-type pain-relievers. You can buy one that is truly modern. It's "Disprin."

Disprin has the power to pass more quickly from the stomach into the bloodstream to relieve pain. Yet its pain-relieving action is actually safer.

How is this possible?

DISSOLVES . . . ACTS FAST
Disprin tablets dissolve quickly in water—to form a liquid. This pain-relieving liquid will pass more rapidly into the bloodstream. So it acts fast.

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When you take Disprin, no irritating acid particles enter your stomach. This is why Disprin is safer.

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You do not have to swallow down Disprin tablets: you can drink them. Take Disprin for headaches, colds, 'flu and rheumatic pains.

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TO RELIEVE PAIN DISPRIN NEUTRAL SOLUBLE ASPIRIN

DISPRIN Regd.
dissolves **pain quickly and safely**

D1/56

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2 SIZES . . .
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Safe as a cup of coffee
AT CHEMISTS EVERYWHERE

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SWISS-STYLED SEPARATES

● One of Switzerland's foremost designers created this hand-knit blouse and skirt for the smart teenager's winter wardrobe.

IT is a versatile as well as cosy little ensemble. When worn together, the blouse and skirt could go anywhere at almost any time of the day.

As separates the pieces also have lots of interesting possibilities.

Materials: Jumper, 9oz. Villawool "Aurora" 4-ply in light shade; skirt, 12oz. Villawool "Aurora" 4-ply in dark shade; 1 pr. No. 10 needles; 5 buttons (jumper); 1 6in. zipp-fastener; ¾yd. elastic (skirt); 1 stitch-holder; 1 medium crochet hook.

Measurements: Jumper, bust, 30-32in.; length from shoulder, 17½in.; sleeve seam, 12in.; skirt, waist, 25in.; skirt length, 18in. (or length required).

Tension: 7 sts. to 1in.

JUMPER BACK

Using No. 10 needles and light shade wool, cast on 110 sts. Work 2in. in st-st., ending with a purl row.

To Form Hem (right side facing): Knit tog. 1 st. from needle and corresponding st. from cast-on edge all along row to form a hem.

Cont. even in st-st. till work measures 11in. (or length required to underarm).

To Shape Armholes: Cast off 4 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, then dec. 1 st. each end of following 4 rows.

Cont. even on rem. 94 sts. till armholes measure 6¼in. (measured on straight).

To Shape Shoulders: Cast off 8 sts. at beg. of next 6 rows, then cast off 7 sts. at beg. of following 2 rows.

Cast off rem. 32 sts. for back neck.

FRONT

Work as given for back to armholes.

To Shape Armholes: Cast off 3 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, then dec. 1 st. each end of next 2 rows (100 sts.).

Cont. even in st-st. till armholes measure 1½in. (measured on straight).

Now work yoke patt. thus:

1st, 4th, 6th, 8th, 10th, and 12th Rows: Purl.

2nd, 3rd, 7th, 9th, and 13th Rows: Knit.

5th Row: K 7, * w.fwd., k 2 tog., k 10 *, rep. from * to *, ending k 7.

11th Row: K 1, * w.fwd., k 2 tog., k 10 *, rep. from * to *, ending k 1.

14th Row: Purl.

Now complete yoke patt. by working rows in this order: 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 11th, 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th, 5th, 12th, 13th, 14th, 1st, 2nd.

Cont. even in st-st. till armholes measure 5¾in. (measured on straight).

To Shape Neck: Next Row (right side facing): K 43, cast off 14 sts., work to end of row.

Working on last 43 sts. only, place rem. sts. on a stitch-holder.

Cont. in st-st., casting off 3 sts. at neck edge on following alt. row, and then dec. 1 st. at same edge on following 9 rows.

Cont. even in st-st. till front armhole measures same as back armhole to shoulder.

To Shape Shoulder (wrong side facing): Cast off 8 sts. at armhole edge on next row and following 2 alt. rows, then cast off 7 sts. at beg. of next alt. row.

Join wool to sts. left on stitch-holder at neck edge, and work this side to correspond with first side, reversing shapings.

SLEEVES

Using No. 10 needles and light shade wool, cast on 76 sts.

Work even in st-st. for 1½in. Now make hem as given in back. Work 12 rows in st-st.

Rep. yoke patt. rows 1st to 14th rows incl., then rep. 1st and 2nd rows again.

Cont. even in st-st. till sleeve measures 12in. or length required to underarm.

To Shape Top of Sleeve: Cast off 3 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, then dec. 1 st. each end of every following 3rd row 6 times, now dec. 1 st. each end of every row 8 times, then cast off 2 sts. at beg. of next 4 rows, then cast off 3 sts. at beg. of following 4 rows. Cast off rem. 32 sts.

NECKBAND

Join right shoulder seam only. Using No. 10 needles and light shade wool, commencing at left front shoulder edge (right side facing), pick up and k 87 sts. evenly around neck to left back shoulder edge.

Work 9 rows in st-st.

10th Row: * K 2 tog., w-fwd. *, rep. from * to * to last st., k 1.

Work 9 more rows in st-st. Cast off loosely.

SKIRT

(Skirt is made in 6 equal pieces.)

Skirt Panel: Using No. 10 needles and dark shade wool, cast on 100 sts.

Work even in st-st. for 2in. Form a hem as given in back of jumper. Work 3 rows in st-st.

Now work 14 rows as given in jumper yoke, then rep. 1st and 2nd rows only.

Cont. in st-st., dec. 1 st. each end of next 7th row, then every following 6th row till work measures 18in. (or length required) from hem edge. Cast off. Make another 5 panels in same way (6 panels altogether).

WAISTBAND

Using No. 10 needles and dark shade wool, cast on 168 sts. (or waist measurement minus 1in. and multiplied by 7). Work even in st-st. for 2½in. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Jumper: Press all st-st. areas with warm iron and damp cloth. Join left shoulder seams for 1in. from armhole. Fold neckband in half at row of holes and slip-stitch free edge to reverse side. Work 1 row of double crochet along left shoulder opening, making 5 loops for buttons on front edge. Sew on buttons to correspond with loops. Join sleeve and side seams. Sew sleeves into armholes. Using dark shade wool, embroider around each hole in yoke patt.

Skirt: Press all st-st. areas with warm iron and damp cloth. Join 6 panels tog., leaving a 6in. placket at left side. Gather upper edge of skirt to fit waistband, and sew waistband to skirt. (Waistband is double.) Thread elastic through waistband, adjusting to fit waist, then sew at each side of placket. Work 1 row of double-crochet around placket edge. Sew in zipp-fastener. Sew hooks and eyes to waistband. Using light shade wool, embroider around each hole in lower edge patt. Press all seams open.

HANDKNIT SKIRTS are high-fashion news today. Note how this one teams smartly with the blouse that can also serve as a sweater for the youthful wearer.

NEW KNITTING BOOK

IF your wardrobe is in a state of mid-winter doldrums, you will find that a pretty hand-knit sweater is the quickest way to give it a lift.

In The Australian Women's Weekly Knitting Book for 1957 there are illustrations and clear directions for a range of Australian and Continental handknits that are perfectly charming.

This colorful 48-page book also features new knitteds for every member of the family.

Buy your copy now and begin knitting your favorite design. The book is on sale at our offices and at bookstalls and newsagents. The price is only 2/-.

"TELL ME ANOTHER" SAYS KLEENEX* TISSUES
3/9 2/- 1/6 EVERYWHERE

HANDLE WITH CARE

When sending "breakable" gifts by post, wrap in soft Kleenex tissues. So light that they won't add to postage costs. Useful for travelling, too.

BLOW, BLOW, BREATHE AND BLOW

Kleenex tissues are so soft yet they stand up to the strongest blow. So when winter's sneezes come your way soothe that sore nose with soft, absorbent Kleenex.

TOURING WITH TODDLER?

When going on a trip with youngsters be sure you take a box of Kleenex. Tuck a soft disposable Kleenex tissue under junior's chin — saves carrying soiled bibs.

SLIPPERY SILKS

Sewing silk material needn't be nerve wracking — just place Kleenex tissues between the material when seaming, and then tear tissues away.

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Here's the easy way to make a tasty Welsh Rarebit — created for you in the Kraft Kitchen.

Tempting Kraft Cheddar Rarebit — *with a zesty taste surprise*

- Dice 8 ozs. (1 packet) of Kraft Cheddar Cheese and melt over a low heat in a basin over hot water, or in the top of a double boiler. Blend in 2 tablespoons of milk, a pinch of salt, dash of pepper and one teaspoon of Worcestershire Sauce.
- Now here comes the zesty taste surprise — spoon rarebit over 4 slices of buttered toast already spread with a tantalizing Red Feather fish or meat paste (12 true flavours).
- Top with a rasher of bacon and slice of tomato and slip under the griller for a minute or two. Serve bubbling hot.
- Simple! Why not make delicious Kraft Cheddar Rarebit next time the family want a light, but nourishing meal, or a breakfast with a difference.

"It takes a gallon of milk to make every pound of Kraft Cheddar Cheese"
says Elizabeth Cooke, Kraft Nutrition and Cookery Expert.
"This creamy goodness of milk provides more body building protein than sirloin beef — plus essential vitamins, valuable milk minerals and calcium and phosphorous. Kraft Cheddar is a bargain in nutrition."
Reach for a packet of Kraft Cheddar often, because it adds nourishment and delicious flavour to all toasted snacks, sandwiches and cooked dishes.

Kraft Cheddar is available in the blue 8-oz. packet, 1-oz. portions, the family-size 2-lb. pack or sliced from the 5-lb. loaf.

Kraft Old English — for those who prefer a packaged cheese with a stronger flavour. Available in the red 8-oz. packet and 1-oz. portions.

Cheese is a wonderful food and KRAFT makes wonderful cheeses

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Check before you buy! Study the **HILTON** chart and make sure you get full value for your money, in beauty, fit and longest possible wear.

Stocking Quality at a glance

HILTON QUALITY IS BUILT-IN

The manufacturer who takes the greatest pains will always provide you with the greatest value.

Hilton replace their machines quicker than any other manufacturer here, or even in America. Hilton use only the best nylon procurable, the best processes, best dyes, employ the best designers, best machinists. Testing of quality is continuous and the greatest care is taken at every stage.

Hilton stockings look lovelier and last longer simply because Hilton set out to make the best stocking possible of each type and grade.

FOR DAY-LONG COMFORT WELT MUST BE FULL 4" DEEP

The 4" welt is designed to stretch to 22", which gives ample comfort to even the heaviest thigh.

TRIPLE WEIGHT 45 DENIER YARNS AND DOUBLE FABRIC take the heavier suspender strain — provide elasticity when bending.

FULL 1½" SUB-WELT eases the strain between welt and leg — provides effective run-stop.

LOOK FOR FINE, FINE SEAMS

The selvedges of all Hilton stockings are perfectly joined by the finest, straightest of seams. Heavy seams are a sign of carelessly made stockings.

ACCURATE FULL FASHIONING FOR GOOD FIT AT THE KNEE

The fashion marks, appearing above and below the calf, taper the stocking for snug fit. Each pair of fashion marks should be exactly level. If not, your stocking has been sewn up crookedly, thus weakening the fabric and lessening the wear.

GENEROUS KNITTING OF BEST YARN

A full amount of nylon yarn, closely knitted, is needed if a stocking is to give long wear and good all-day fit. Firm fabric means that the stockings will never be sloppy and easy to snag.

HOW HILTON CHEMISTS HAVE ACHIEVED UP TO 50% LONGER WEAR

Every Hilton stocking you buy has been p through the amazing **Nyloseal** process, develop by and exclusive to Hilton. Nyloseal has t threefold advantage of producing a uniqu misty dull finish, of increasing snag resistanc and, by making the fabric softer and mo supple, giving a caressing fit that increase wear up to 50% longer.

SLIM ANKLE EFFECT FROM CURVED HEEL STYLING

Hilton stockings have the slight longer curved heel panel which giv a flattering slim look to the ankle.

GOOD FIT AT THE ANKLE FROM FULL FASHIONING

A good full fashioned stocking should continue to cling like a second skin throughout the day.

COLOUR AND STYLE MUST BE FASHION-RIGHT

Hilton stocking colours and styles are chosen after exhaustive study of each season's new fashion colours in day and evening clothes in Europe, America and Australia. A stocking that is fashion-right can do much to create a successful fashion effect.

CORRECT REINFORCEMENT MEANS LONGER WEAR

Good stockings are rein forced at heel, toe an over the sole, for com fort and wear. Hilto exclusive triple rein forced toe means n holes there, ever.

HILTON Elation 12/11
Australia's most popular 15-denier nylons for all-occasion beauty. Sizes 8½-11. Long legs, too, 9½-11.

HILTON Waltz Dream Sheer 11/9
The 30-denier for good looks and sturdy wear. 8½-11. Long legs, 9½-11.

HILTON Waltz Dream Stretch, 14/11
Tip to toe comfort and sheerness. Sizes A, B, C.

HILTON Fanfare 16/11
The 15-denier mesh nylons that just can't run. Sizes 8½-10½.

HILTON Shape-2-U 15/11
Stretch stockings that cling like a second skin. Sizes A, B, C.

HILTON Fabulous 14/11
The 12-denier stockings for sheer elegance. Sizes 8½-10½.

HILTON French 75's 19/6
Luxury 9-denier gossamer nylons. Sizes 8½-10½.

Prices vary slightly in some States

HILTON HOSIERY LTD., BRUNSWICK, VICTORIA

Keep your legs at their loveliest in

HILTON

— Stockings have never been more carefully made.

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Fashion PATTERNS

● *Fashion Patterns and Needlework Notions may be obtained immediately from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris St., Ultimo, Sydney (postal address Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney). Tasmanian readers should address orders to Box 66-D, G.P.O., Hobart. New Zealand readers send money orders only direct to Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris St., Ultimo, Sydney.*

F4547.—Pretty lace-trimmed nightgown designed for the larger figure. Sizes 38 to 44in. bust. Requires 4yds. 36in. material and 5½yds. 1½in. lace. Price 4/6.

F4595.—Smartly styled teenage dress designed with a white pique bodice accent. Sizes 30 to 38in. bust. Requires 4yds. 54in. material and ¾yd. 36in contrast. Price 4/-.

F4489. — Late-day-into-evening skirt designed with all-round unpressed pleats. Sizes 26½, 28, 30, and 32in. waist. Requires 2¾yds. 36in. material. Price 3/-.

F4597. — Small girl's party dress. Sizes 2, 4, 6, and 8 years. Requires 1 1-8 to 1½yds. 36in. material, ¾yd. 36in. broderie anglaise, and 2yds. ½in. lace edging. Price 3/-.

F4480. — Attractively designed one-piece dress has an Empire-inspired bodice top, graceful skirt fullness. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 54in. material. Price 4/-.

F4598. — Slender-line skirt finished with twin hip-pockets. Sizes 24½ to 30in. waist. Requires 1½yds. 54in. material. Price 3/-.

BEGINNERS' PATTERN

F4596.—Beginners' pattern for an easy-to-make girl's petticoat slip. Sizes 6, 8, 10, and 12 years. Requires 1⅞ to 2 1-3rd yds. 36in. material and 6yds. ½in. lace edging. Price 2/6.

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 511 — ONE-PIECE DRESS

Tailored front-buttoned one-piece dress is obtainable cut out ready to make in check gingham. The color choice includes blue and white, red and white, mauve and white, pink and white, and green and white. Sizes 32 and 34in. bust 29/6, 36 and 38in. bust 31/3. Postage and registration 4/6 extra.

No. 512 — D'OYLEYS

Three d'oyleys, each with a different flower motif, are obtainable cut out ready to make and clearly traced to embroider. The material is white and cream Irish linen, and sheer linen in lemon, pink, blue, and green. Sizes 5 by 10in. Price 1/3 each; postage 4d. extra. Set of three mats 3/3; postage 9d. extra.

No. 513 — BOY'S OR GIRL'S SLEEPING PYJAMAS

The pyjamas are obtainable cut out ready to make in printed cotton summer-breeze. The color choice includes lemon and blue, red and green, and rose and lemon, all printed on a white ground. Sizes: 1 year, 17/9; 2 years, 19/3; 3 years, 21/6; 4 years, 24/9. Postage and registration 1/6 extra.

No. 514 — GIRL'S ONE-PIECE DRESS

The dress is obtainable cut out ready to make in printed haircord with a contrast trim on bodice and skirt. The color choice includes turquoise and red, blue and lemon, red and blue, and lemon and green, all printed on a white ground. Sizes: lengths 18in. for 2 years, 21/9; 20in. for 3 to 4 years, 23/6; 22in. for 5 to 6 years, 27/9; 28in. for 7 to 8 years, 28/3. Postage and registration 2/6 extra.

● *Needlework Notions are available for only six weeks after date of publication.*

Strapless brocade gown; its matching shoulder bolero with an upstanding collar.

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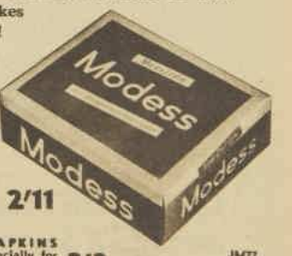
Masslinn — THE FINEST EVER!

Modess Masslinn has all the fine features of Modess plus a super-soft cover that is so luxuriously comfortable at all times.

There are so many fine features in Modess—Gauze or Masslinn—the full-length Safety Shield, extra absorbency from the wider napkin and side strips inside the cover . . . Modess, the choice of most Australian women, makes protection trebly sure!



MODESS with Super-soft MASSLINN Cover or MODESS with GAUZE **2/11**

MODESS HOSPITAL NAPKINS . . . A larger napkin made specially for those who need extra protection **3/3**

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Speedy relief from BACKACHE

Does every move you make cause agonising backache? Do legs throb even after a short walk? Then lose no time in trying Doan's Backache Kidney Pills. Lazy kidneys can cause leg-pains, aching joints, disturbed nights, rheumatic pain, headaches, etc., because they are neglecting their essential job of cleansing and purifying the blood. Doan's is a famous stimulant-diuretic, promoting healthy kidney action, which has brought relief to sufferers all over the world. No need to put up with discomfort—get Doan's today!

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"I want the ones that look like little pillows"

Arnott's *famous*

SPICY FRUIT ROLL

Biscuits

The Housewife's quick pudding — A Sweet in a minute! Warm them in the oven and serve with milk, custard or ice cream.

There is no Substitute for Quality.

Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician, is mystified by the strange circumstances surrounding the world-wide beauty contest won by

PRINCESS NARDA: The promoter of the contest knows only that his instructions come in a sealed envelope. He doesn't know who is behind the contest, but the police decide to keep him in custody until the mystery is solved. Meanwhile, Narda and Mandrake follow their instructions to go to a deserted field. There a sudden beam focuses on them and draws them up into the air and into a tiny space-ship. NOW READ ON:

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY *By RUT*

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New super-smooth cream deodorant

SAFELY STOPS PERSPIRATION 1 TO 3 DAYS

Indoors or out, there's always the danger of offending — unless you stop perspiration before unpleasant odor can form!

Smoother, creamier Arrid: INSTANTLY STOPS PERSPIRATION and keeps armpits dry safely — as proved by leading doctors.

REMOVES ODOR from perspiration on contact. Antiseptic action.

WON'T ROT CLOTHES.

New creamy-soft Arrid does not irritate skin, even after shaving.

Arrid has a wonderful new ingredient, Perstop — your guarantee that new Arrid is softer, smoother than ever. Buy the new super-smooth Arrid today!

ARRID

Now with Perstop for Super Creaminess

Available in both smooth cream and handy Arrid "Super-Spray" dispenser.

HOW TO AVOID

"Gardener's Back"

You love working in the garden, but after a long day's work your back and muscles often stiffen up and ache. You can quickly soothe sore, tired muscles by simply putting on Sloan's Liniment after any heavy work or exercise.

At once, you'll feel Sloan's "deep heat" go to work, relieving and soothing, deep inside where the pain is. No rubbing — just pat it on. And Sloan's leaves no greasy film to stain your clothes. So keep a bottle of Sloan's in your home, for fast treatment of aches, pains and strains, bruises, sore muscles.

SLOAN'S LINIMENT

AT ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES **2/9**

WITH ONE TINY TABLET

END MISERY OF

ASTHMA

BRONCHITIS

HAY FEVER

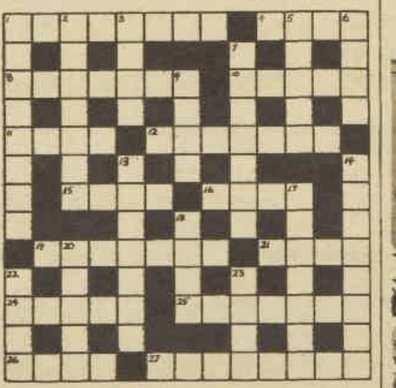
CATARRH

SINUS HEADACHES

From Chemists only —8/6 a bottle.

AS-MO-LETS

THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD



Solution will be published next week.

ACROSS

1. Mercutio called her "the fairies' midwife" (5, 3).
4. It is in front of you (4).
8. I am in race for a continent (7).
10. An accented syllable (5).
11. This part cannot be in the front but it may raise (4).
12. I'm part of a burned bishop whose rest was after the usual time (7).
15. Extreme dislike of a mixture of definite and indefinite articles (4).
16. A stake, but not for burning heretics (4).
19. An Indian of the Sioux tribe is worrying (7).
21. Drop in autumn (4).
24. A sailor to employ a corrupt practice (5).
25. Superficial Shakespearian justice (7).
26. Man-making material (4).
27. Give a date round Lent and become gifted (8).

DOWN

1. Correspond to a court in a college with ratio (8).
2. Deception not to be mistaken for an opthalmic lotion (7).
3. What is on it is on the spot (4).
5. Fine, hard thread is inside (5).
6. E.E.E. (4).
7. Not a sin (Anagr., 7).
9. Bombay, ahoy! And the nurse is in it, and she may even come from there (4).
13. In these contentions the head could be first (7).
14. Surged, possibly because William was in debt (8).
17. A famous saint separates a broken tee to adorn the shoulder (7).
18. A cat hiding us (4).
20. No sun in these names of anything (5).
22. A drab poet (4).
23. Domesticated mate (4).

Solution of last week's crossword.

Harmony of Colour

for Lips and Nails

Only Cutex brings you all the newest radiant fashion colours for lips and fingertips. Colours to flatter every complexion, every costume. You save money, too, because Cutex nail polish lasts so much longer—absolutely defies chipping and peeling.

For matching lips, choose Cutex Stay Fast Lipstick (with super lanolin). Keeps your lips lovely with colour all day, all evening long. So creamy, so lasting, you'll hardly believe your own lips.

Choose Cutex today . . . in the newest, most exciting fashion colours.

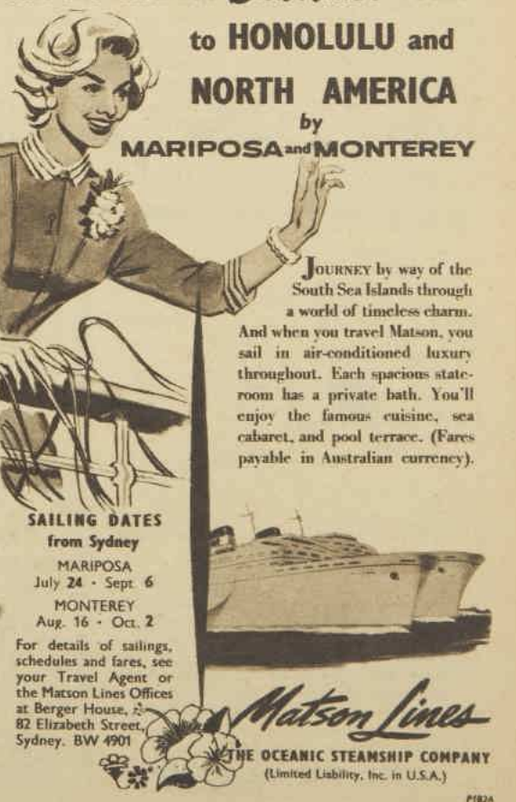
for lasting Beauty . . .

CUTEX

Cutex "Stayfast" Lipstick, 4/11
Cutex Nail Polish . . 3/3 regular
Cutex Nail Brilliance . . . 4/9

Y164

Sail the fabulous "Blue Water" route to HONOLULU and NORTH AMERICA by MARIPOSA and MONTEREY



JOURNEY by way of the South Sea Islands through a world of timeless charm. And when you travel Matson, you sail in air-conditioned luxury throughout. Each spacious stateroom has a private bath. You'll enjoy the famous cuisine, sea cabaret, and pool terrace. (Fares payable in Australian currency).

SAILING DATES from Sydney

MARIPOSA
July 24 · Sept. 6

MONTEREY
Aug. 16 · Oct. 2

For details of sailings, schedules and fares, see your Travel Agent or the Matson Lines Offices at Berger House, 82 Elizabeth Street, Sydney. BW 4901

Matson Lines

THE OCEANIC STEAMSHIP COMPANY
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Positive Relief from COUGHING!

Nyal 'Decongestant' Cough Elixir Gives You Faster, More Effective Relief

When coughs and bronchial congestion make your life a misery, get faster, more positive relief with NYAL 'Decongestant' Cough Elixir—the modern formulation which "breaks" stubborn coughs far, far better than ordinary mixtures. The 3-way-expectorant, sedative, decongestive-action of NYAL 'Decongestant' Cough Elixir brings you a proven effective medicine to fight winter coughs.

Stops Irritating Coughing. Because NYAL 'Decongestant' Cough Elixir penetrates **instantly** into congested membranes of throat and chest, it stops tight, uncomfortable bronchial coughs **quickly.** The gentle expectorant action liquefies and cuts away bronchial secretions which cause irritation. **You've never known such soothing relief!**

Makes Breathing Easier. Only NYAL **'Decongestant'** Cough Elixir contains Phenylephrine—an active agent for relieving congestion. Shrinks swollen bronchial tubes and phlegm-congested membranes; you'll breathe easier; get more restful sleep at night, undisturbed by harsh, racking coughing.

Adults, children, babies can all benefit by taking NYAL **'Decongestant'** Cough Elixir. There are 3 formulations with dosages specially adjusted for all ages:

Infants 6 months to 5 years—NYAL 'Decongestant' **BABY** Cough Elixir—3 fl. oz., **4/-;** 6 fl. oz., **5/9.**

Children 5 years to 12 years—NYAL 'Decongestant' **CHILDREN'S** Cough Elixir—6 fl. oz., **5/9;** 12 fl. oz., **9/11.**

Adults and children over 12 years—NYAL 'Decongestant' Cough Elixir—6 fl. oz., **5/9;** 12 fl. oz., **9/11.**

Nyal 'DECONGESTANT' COUGH ELIXIR

Nyal

SOLD ONLY BY CHEMISTS

Breathe freely in 2 minutes!

At last—here's the relief from "stuffy" head colds you have longed for! You'll breathe freely 2 minutes after using a NYAL *'Decongestant'* Nasal Spray—the *newest, most modern* form of nasal medication known. Contains an active agent for relieving congestion: does not sting; can be used as often as necessary. *So easy to use.* The ingenious microspray tip of the pliable squeeze-plastic pack ensures that the relief-giving spray reaches high into the blocked nasal passages—shrinking them to normal. Carry a pack with you—*get relief anywhere, anytime.* **6/-.** And now, for children—Nyal Pediatric Nasal Spray, 5/6.

Nyal 'DECONGESTANT' NASAL SPRAY

Stops Sore Throat Instantly!

End the nagging pain of sore, inflamed throats *now.* The new triple-acting formula of NYAL Medicated Throat Lozenges bring you *instant,* soothing relief. The *sedative, antiseptic, anæsthetic* action checks infection . . . suppresses coughing . . . stops soreness — makes your throat feel right! Slip one — just one — NYAL Medicated Throat Lozenge into your mouth and feel how quickly you get relief. 24 lozenges, **4/-;** 50 lozenges, **6/9.**

Nyal MEDICATED THROAT LOZENGES

Soothing Relief from Cold Sores

See how quickly NYAL Cold Sore Cream or Cold Sore Lotion brings relief from irritating cold sores and cracked lips. Both the Cream and the Lotion are specially *medicated* and have a soothing, healing action. The *Cream* keeps the lips soft and supple while it heals the cold sore. The *Lotion* dries up the cold sore until it quickly disappears. Either Cream or Lotion stops the burning, itching sensation instantly. Cream or Lotion. **2/9.**

Nyal COLD SORE CREAM & LOTION

Safe Positive Cough Relief for Baby

Coughs and chest congestion in infants (from six months to five years) vanish quickly when treated with NYAL *'Decongestant' BABY* Cough Elixir. Soothes sore, inflamed tissues of throat and chest; shrinks swollen bronchial tubes, cutting away phlegm and so making breathing easier.
3 fl. oz., **4/-;** 6 fl. oz., **5/9.**

Nyal 'DECONGESTANT' BABY COUGH ELIXIR

Now you can have WHITER TEETH IN 10 DAYS

New NYAL Toothpaste cleans the teeth better than you have ever known before. It gives you the completely clean teeth you expect; gives you stain-free whiteness and added brightness. The secret of the wonderful cleansing action of NYAL Toothpaste lies in the highly activated **dental** detergent which foams instantly, **safely removing dulling film and cigarette stains.**

Smooth texture, and a clean, refreshing peppermint flavour make NYAL Toothpaste the family favourite. Try it soon!

N.6.WW56

CHECK LIST of other dependable winter products

- ☐ **Nyal Chilblain Paint.** C-o-o-l-s and s-o-o-t-h-e-s the burning and itching of irritating chilblains instantly. 3/-.
- ☐ **Nyal Creophos.** A valuable "After-'Flu" and convalescent tonic. 4/9, 7/9, 9/-.
- ☐ **Nyal Quinine 'Flu Mixture.** Wards off attacks of influenza and feverish colds. Reduces high temperatures. 4/9.
- ☐ **Nyal Figsen.** A palatable, chocolate-flavoured, efficient laxative tablet suitable for all ages. Regular or Double Strength. 2/6, 3/9.
- ☐ **Nyal White Lip Salve.** Invisible protection against windburned lips. Assists healing—protects your lips while it soothes them. 2/9.

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